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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

COLLATED

With the Oldeſt Copies, and Corrected:

WITH

NOTES, Explanatory and Critical:

BY

Mr. *THEOBALD.*

I, Deus, i, noſtrum: melioribus utere Fatis. *Virg.*

VOLUME SIXTH.

CONTAINING

KING RICHARD II.
KING HENRY IV. PART I.
KING HENRY IV. PART II.

LONDON:
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KING RICHARD II.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

King RICHARD II.
Duke of York.
John *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaſter, } *Uncles to the King.*
Bolingbroke, *Son to* John *of* Gaunt, *afterwards King* Henry *the Fourth.*
Aumerle, *Son to the Duke of* York.
Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolk.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl of Berkley.
Buſhy, }
Bagot, } *Servants to King* Richard.
Green, }
Earl of Northumberland, }
Percy, *Son to* Northumberland, } *Friends to* Bolingbroke.
Roſs, }
Willoughby, }
Biſhop of Carliſle, } *Friends to King* Richard.
Sir Stephen Scroop, }
Fitzwater, }
Surry, } *Lords in the Parliament.*
Abbot of Weſtminſter, }
Sir Piercy *of* Exton, }

Queen to King Richard.
Ducheſs of Gloucester.
Ducheſs of York.
Ladies, attending on the Queen.

Heralds, two Gardeners, Keepers, Meſſenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, diſperſedly, in ſeveral Parts of England.

KING RICHARD II. (1)

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Court.*

Enter King RICHARD, JOHN *of* Gaunt, *with other Nobles and Attendants.*

King RICHARD.

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boist'rous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

(1) *The life and death of King* Richard II.] But this history comprizes little more than the two last years of this unfortunate Prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the Duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it ends with the murder of King Richard at Pomfret castle, towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year. Mr Gildon acknowledges that Shakespeare has drawn King Richard's character according to the best accounts of history; that is, insolent, proud, and thoughtless in prosperity; dejected and despairing on the appearance of danger.——But whatever blemishes he had either in temper or conduct, the distresses of his latter days, the double divorce from his throne and queen, are painted in such strong colours, that those blemishes are lost in the shade of his misfortunes, and our compassion for him wipes out the memory of such spots, *quæ humana parum cavit natura.*

Gaunt. I have, my Liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, haſt thou ſounded him
If he appeal the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him
Aimed at your Highneſs; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our preſence, face to face,
And frowning brow to brow; ourſelves will hear
Th' accuſer and the accuſed freely ſpeak:
High-ſtomached are they both, and full of ire;
In rage deaf as the ſea, haſty as fire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* MOWBRAY.

Boling. May many years of happy days befal
My gracious Sovereign, my moſt loving Liege!

Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the Heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both, yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, t' appeal each other of high treaſon.
Couſin of Hereford, what doſt thou object
Againſt the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. Firſt, (Heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,
Tend'ring the precious ſafety of my Prince,
And free from other miſbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miſcreant;

Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky,
The uglier ſeems the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat:
And wish, ſo pleaſe my Sov'reign, ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeaks, my right-drawn ſword may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal;
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cooled for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſhed, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt, the fair reverence of your Highneſs curbs me
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, until it had returned
Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my Liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him a ſlanderous coward, and a villain;
Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground unhabitable (2).

(2) *Or any other ground* inhabitable.] I don't know that this word, (like the French term, *inhabitable*) will admit two different acceptations of a place *to be dwelt in*, and *not to be dwelt in*: or that it may be taken in the latter ſenſe, as *inhabitabilis* (among the Latins) ſignifies *uninhabitable*; tho' *inhabitare* ſignifies only to *inhabit*; and therefore I have ventured to read,

Or any other ground *unhabitable*.

So in the old Quarto, or firſt rough draught of our Author's *Taming of the Shrew*:

Where never Engliſhman durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty;
By all my hopes, moſt falſly doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not rev'rence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop.
By that, and all the rites of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoken or thou canſt deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up, and by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly trial;
And when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight! [charge!

K. Rich. What doth our couſin lay to Mowbray's
It muſt be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him. [true,

Boling. Look, what I ſaid my life ſhall prove it

Unhabitable as the burning Zone.

I confeſs there is a paſſage in Ben Johnſon's tragedy of *Catiline*, which ſhould ſeem to favour the equivocal conſtruction and uſe of this word;

And who, in ſuch a cauſe, and 'gainſt ſuch fiends,
Would not now wiſh himſelf all arm and weapon,
To cut ſuch perſons from the earth, and let
Their blood out, to be drawn away in clouds,
And poured on ſome *inhabitable* place,
Where the hot ſun and ſlime breeds nought but monſters?

But, I ſuſpect Johnſon wrote here;

And poured on ſome *unhabitable* place, *&c.*

Though, I know, by our idiom, *un* and *in* prefixed to words, for the generality are equally negatives in their power.

That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your Highness' soldiers,
The which he hath detained for lewd employments,
Like a false traitor and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere to the furthest verge,
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons for these eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further, I say, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the Duke of Gloucester's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries,
And consequently, like a traitor-coward, [blood:
Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars!
Thomas of Norfolk, what sayest thou to this?

Mowb. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood, (3)

(3) *Till I have told this slanderer of his blood,*] All the authentic copies read *slander*, as I have restored to the text. This Mr Pope has thought fit to throw out, as an absurdity, and substituted slanderer in its place. But why not slander? 'Tis our Author's mode of expression in other passages.

But you must learn to know such *slanders* of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook. King *Henry* V.

Stain to thy countrymen, thou hearest thy doom.
1 *Henry* VI.

Thou *slander* of thy heavy mother's womb! *Rich.* III.

Homer, in the same manner, as Mr Pope might have re-

How God and good men hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
As he is but our father's brother's son,
Now by my sceptre's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disburs'd I to his Highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queen.
Now, swallow down that lie.—For Gloucester's death,
I slew him not; but, to mine own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.
For you, my noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But ere I last received the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begged
Your Grace's pardon; and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault; as for the rest appealed,
It issues from the rancor of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor:

membered, makes Agamemnon call the Greeks the *shames*, the *reproaches* of themselves.
Ὦ πεπονες, κακ' Ἐλεγχε, Ἀχαιΐδες, οὐκ ἔτ' Ἀχαιοί.
II. E. v. 235.

Which in myſelf I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chambered in his boſom.
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſs to aſſign our trial-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood: [me;
This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive, conclude and be agreed;
Our Doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the Duke of Norfolk, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age;
Throw down, my ſon, the Duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry, when?
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no boot.

Mowb. Myſelf I throw, dread Sovereign, at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Deſpight of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgraced, impeached, and baffled here,
Pierced to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear:
The which no blame can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breathed this poiſon.

K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood.
Give me his gage. Lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots: take but my ſhame,

And I refign my gage. My dear, dear Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barred up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then dear my Liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, Heaven defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!

Shall I ſeem creſt-fallen in my father's ſight,
Or with pale beggar face impeach my height
Before this out-dared daſtard? ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear,
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face. [*Exit* Gaunt.

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At Coventry upon Saint Lambert's day.
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate.
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the victor's chivalry.
Lord Marſhall, bid our officers at arms
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Duke of* Lancaſter's *Palace.*

Enter GAUNT *and Dutcheſs of* Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glo'ſter's blood,
Doth more ſolicit me than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's ſeven ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſeven vials of his ſacred blood;
Or ſeven fair branches, ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſeven are dried by nature's courſe;
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But Thomas, my dear Lord, my life, my Glo'ſter,
(One vial full of Edward's ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root,)
Is cracked, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hack'd down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By Envy's hand and Murder's bloody ax! [womb,
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhioned thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liveſt and breatheſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him; thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is deſpair:
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughtered,
Thou ſheweſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſtern Murder how to butcher thee.
That which in mean men we entitle patience,

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,
The best way is to 'venge my Glo'ster's death.
Gaunt. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,
His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caused his death; the which if wrongfully,
Let God revenge, for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.
Duch. Where then, alas, may I complain myself?
Gaunt. To Heaven, the widow's champion and defence.
Duch. Why then, I will: farewel, old Gaunt,
Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold [farewel.
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford?
Farewel, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's wife
With her companion grief must end her life.
Gaunt. Sister, farewel; I must to Coventry.
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!
Duch. Yet one word more; grief boundeth where
Not with the empty hollowness, but weight: [it falls,
I take my leave, before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York:
Lo, this is all ——Nay, yet depart not so;
Though this be all, do not so quickly go:
I shall remember more. Bid him—oh, what?
With all good speed at Plashie visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York see there;
But empty lodgings, and unfurnished walls,

Un-peopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what hear there for welcome but my groans?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there
To seek our sorrow that dwells every where;
All desolate, will I from hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Lists at* Coventry.

Enter the Lord Marshal, *and the Duke of* AUMERLE.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of th' appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why, then the champions are prepared, and stay
For nothing but his Majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*

The Trumpets sound, and the King *enters with his Nobles; when they are set, Enter the Duke of* Norfolk *in arms, Defendant.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms;
Ask him his name, and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name and the King's, say who thou art? [*To* Mowb.
And why thou comest, thus knightly clad in arms?
Against what man thou comest, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
And so defend thee Heaven and thy valour!

Mowb. My name is Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither come engaged by my oath,

(Which Heav'n defend a Knight ſhould violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and my ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Hereford, that appeals me;
And by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
A traitor to my God, my King, and me;
And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

The Trumpets ſound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, *Appellant, in Armour.*

K. Rich. Marſhal, aſk yonder Knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally according to our law,
Deſpoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore comeſt thou hither,
Before King Richard, in his royal liſts? [*To* Boling.
Againſt whom comeſt thou! and what is thy quarrel?
Speak like a true Knight, ſo defend thee Heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter and Derby
Am I, who ready here do ſtand in arms, [valour,
To prove, by Heaven's grace and by my body's
In liſts, on Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me;
And as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the liſts,
Except the Marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns. [hand,

Boling. Lord Marſhal, let me kiſs my Sovereign's
And bow my knee before his Majeſty:
For Mowbray and myſelf are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;

Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewel of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. Th' appellant in all duty greets your Highneſs. [*To* K. Rich.
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend and fold him in our arms:
Couſin of Hereford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight;
Farewel, my blood; which if to-day thou ſhed, (4)
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Baling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's ſpear;
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving Lord, I take my leave of you;
Of you, my noble couſin, Lord Aumerle.
Not ſick, although I have to do with death;
But luſty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at Engliſh feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood,
[*To* Gaunt.
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,

(4) *Farewel, my* blood;] *i. e.* my kinſman. This appellation is purely claſſical.

Projice tela manu, Sanguis meus. Virg. Æn. vi. ver. 836.
——*Tu* Sanguinis *ultimus auctor.* Id. Æn. vii. ver. 49.
Claras Anchiſæ Veneriſque Sanguis. Horat. Carm. Sæcul.
——*Vos O*
Pompilius Sanguis. Id. Art. Poet. ver. 292.
——*tenet, longumque tenebit*
Tarpeios arces Sanguis tuus. Sil. Italicus. lib. 3.
——*vos, O Superi, meus ordine* Sanguis,
Ne pugnate aliis. Statius. Theb. lib. 3.
&c. &c. &c.

Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John o' Gaunt
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy.
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be brave, and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, God and St George to thrive!

Mowb. However heaven or fortune cast my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontrouled enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.
Most mighty Liege, and my companion Peers,
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years,
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my Lord; securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.
Order the trial, Marshal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and Heaven defend thy right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas Duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
Stands here for God, his Sovereign and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,

To prove the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his King, and him;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, Duke
On pain to be found false and recreant, [of Norfolk,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Harry of Hereford, Lancaster and Derby,
To God, his Sovereign, and to him, disloyal:
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

[*A Charge sounded.*

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

—But stay, the King hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:
Withdraw with us, and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these Dukes what we decree.

[*A long Flourish; after which the King speaks to the Combatants.*

Draw near;——
And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soiled
With that dear blood which it hath fostered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds ploughed up with neighbour swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating envy set you on,
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
(Which thus roused up with boist'rous untuned drums,
And harsh resounding trumpets dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,

Might from our quiet confines fright fair Peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:)
Therefore we banish you our territories.
You couſin Hereford, on pain of death,
Till twice five ſummers have enriched our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment. [be,

Boling. Your will be done: this muſt my comfort
That ſun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment. [doom.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce,
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeleſs word of *never to return*,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life. [Liege,

Mowb. A heavy ſentence, my moſt ſovereign
And all unlooked for from your Highneſs' mouth:
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim,
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your Highneſs' hands.
The language I have learned theſe forty years,
My native Engliſh, now I muſt forego;
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp,
Or, like a cunning inſtrument caſed up,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engoaled my tongue, (5)

(5) *Within my mouth you have engoaled my tongue,*
Doubly portcullis'd *with my teeth and lips:*] Theſe verſes Mr Pope has degraded, and thrown out of the text, on account of the image conveyed in the ſecond line, as I preſume. I am far from praiſing the metaphor; but, perhaps, the uſage might be defended for once from the example of our maſter Homer.

Doubly portcullised with my teeth and lips:
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my goaler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye,
Lay on our royal sword your banished hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to Heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,)
To keep the oath that we administer:
You never shall, (so help you truth and Heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face,
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This low'ring tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by advised purpose meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far, as to mine enemy:—
By this time, had the King permitted us,
One of our souls had wandered in the air,
Banished this frail sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banished from this land.
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly this realm;

Ἀτρείδη ποῖόν σε ἔπος φύγεν ἕρκος ὀδόντων. Iliad. Δ. v. 340.
The ἕρκος ὀδόντων here, methinks, approaches very nigh to the idea of a *Port-cullise*.

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Mowb. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banished as from hence!
But what thou art, Heaven, thou, and I do know,
And all too soon, I fear, the King shall rue.
Farewel, my Liege; now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way.
[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy grieved heart; thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banished years
Plucked four away; six frozen winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lyes in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs
End in a word; such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of me
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time bewasted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night.
My inch of taper will be brunt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son. [live.

K. Rich. Why, uncle? thou hast many years to

Gaunt. But not a minute, King, that thou canst give;
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow;
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him, for my death;
But dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy ſon is baniſhed upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeemeſt thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion
You urged me as a judge; but I had rather [ſour.
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I would have been more mild:
Alas, I looked when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do myſelf this wrong.
A partial ſlander ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.

K. Rich. Couſin, farewel; and, uncle, bid him ſo.
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go.
[*Flouriſh. Exit.*

Aum. Couſin, farewel; what preſence muſt not
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow. [know,

Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As far as land will let me, by your ſide. [words,

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.

Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.

Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.

Boling. My heart will ſigh when I miſcal it ſo,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps

Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make (6)
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long apprentice-hood
To foreign paſſages, and in the end
Having my freedom, boaſt of nothing elſe
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of Heaven viſits
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus;
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the King did baniſh thee;
But thou the King. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, ſay I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not the King exiled thee. Or ſuppoſe
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To ly that way thou goeſt, not whence thou comeſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou treadeſt the preſence-floor;
The flowers fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance:
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.
Boling. Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,

(6) Boling. *Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make*] This, and the ſix verſes which follow, I have ventured to ſupply from the old Quarto. The alluſion, 'tis true, to an *apprenticeſhip*, and becoming a *journeyman*, is not in the ſublime taſte, nor, as Horace has expreſſed it, *ſpirat tragicum ſatis*: however, as there is no doubt of the paſſage being genuine, the lines are not ſo deſpicable as to deſerve being quite loſt.

By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way;
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewel; sweet soil, adieu,
My mother and my nurse, which bears me yet.
Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banished, yet a true-born Englishman.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Court.*

Enter King RICHARD *and* BUSHY, &c. *at one door; and the Lord* AUMERLE *at the other.*

K. Rich. We did indeed observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me; except the north east wind,
(Which then blew bitterly against our faces)
Awaked the sleepy rheum; and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said your cousin when you parted with him?

Aum. Farewel.——

And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seemed buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewel have lengthened
And added years to his short banishment, [hours,
He should have had a volume of farewels;
But since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our kinsman, cousin, but 'tis doubt
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor crafts-men with the craft of smiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God speed him well!
And had the tribute of his supple knee;
With,--Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends;
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts. ——
Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my Liege;
Ere further leisure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your Highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war;
And, for our coffers with too great a court
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are inforced to farm our royal realm,
The revenue whereof shall furnish us

For our affairs in hand: if they come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter BUSHY.

K. Rich. Buſhy, what news?

Buſhy. Old John of Gaunt is ſick, my Lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath ſent poſt-haſte
T' intreat your Majeſty to viſit him.

K. Rich. Where lyes he?

Buſhy. At Ely-houſe.

K. Rich. Now put it, Heaven, in his phyſician's mind
To help him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe Iriſh wars.
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray Heaven we may make haſte, and come too late!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, Ely-*Houſe.*

GAUNT *brought in ſick; with the Duke of* YORK.

GAUNT.

WILL the King come, that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtayed youth?

York. Vex not yourſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they say the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they're seldom spent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say, is listened more [glose;
Than they whom youth and ease hath taught to
More are men's ends marked, than their lives before:
The setting sun,—and music in the close.—
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. His ear is stopt with other flattering charms,
As praises of his state; there are, beside,
Lascivious meeters, to whose venomed sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy, apish nation
Limps after, in base aukward imitation.
Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.
Direct not him, whose way himself will chuse;
'Tis breath thou lackest, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks I am a prophet now inspired,
And thus expiring, do foretel of him,
His rash, fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves.
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder;
Light Vanity, insatiate cormorant,

Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi Paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Feared for their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jury
Of the world's ransom blessed Mary's Son;
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shores beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is bound in with shame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself.
Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter King RICHARD, *Queen*, AUMERLE, BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, *and* WILLOUGHBY.

York. The King is come, deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being raged, do rage the more.
Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my compoſition!
Old Gaunt, indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;
And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time have I watched,
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt; I mean, my childrens looks;
And, therein faſting, thou haſt made me gaunt;
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as the grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter thoſe that live!

Gaunt. No, no, men living flatter thoſe that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a-dying, ſayeſt thou flattereſt me.

Gaunt. Oh! no, thou dieſt, though I the ſicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he, that made me, knows I ſee thee ill;
Ill in myſelf, but ſeeing thee, too, ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than the land,
Wherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Giveſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee:
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head,
And yet encaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
Thy waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.

Oh, had thy grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons;
From forth thy reach he would have laid the ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſſed;
Who art poſſeſſed now, to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this land by leaſe:
But for thy world enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou now, not King:
Thy ſtate of law is bondſlave to the law;
And thou——

K. Rich. And thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dareſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chaſing the royal blood
With fury from his native reſidence.
Now by my ſeat's right-royal Majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's ſon,
This tongue, that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother Edward's ſon,
For that I was his father Edward's ſon: [ſon,
That blood already, like the pelican,
Haſt thou tapt out, and drunkenly carouſed.
My brother Glo'ſter, plain well-meaning ſoul,
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpecteſt not ſpilling Edward's blood.
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have,
And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long-withered flower.
Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be.
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.
York. I do beſeech your Majeſty, impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs and age:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry Duke of Hereford, were he here.
K. Rich. Right, you ſay true; as Hereford's love, As theirs, ſo mine; and all be as it is. [ſo his;

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My Liege, old Gaunt commends him to your Majeſty.
K. Rich. What ſays old Gaunt? [your Majeſty.
North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.
York. Be York the next that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.
K. Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that——Now for our Iriſh wars;
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe,
But only they, have privilege to live.
And for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance we do ſeize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſs'd.
York. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh, how long
Shall tender duty make me ſuffer wrong?
Not Glo'ſter's death, not Hereford's baniſhment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
Have ever made me four my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Sovereign's face.

I am the laſt of noble Edward's ſons,
Of whom thy father, Prince of Wales, was firſt:
In war, was never lion raged more fierce;
In peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman;
His face thou haſt, for even ſo looked he,
Accompliſhed with the number of thy hours.
But when he frowned, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend; and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my Liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I, pleaſed
Not to be pardoned, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſhed Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt juſt, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his hei a well-deſerving ſon?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters and his cuſtomary rights.
Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day;
Be not thyſelf.—For how art thou a king,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
If you do wrongfully ſeize Hereford's right,
Call in his letters-patents that he hath,
By his attorneys-general to ſue
His livery, and deny his offered homage;
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,

Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while; my Liege, farewel:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Buſhy, to the Earl of Wiltſhire straight,
Bid him repair to us to Ely-houſe,
To ſee this buſineſs done: to-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow.
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle York Lord-governor of England;
For he is juſt, and always loved us well.
Come on, our Queen; to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *&c.*

Manent NORTHUMBERLAND, WILLOUGHBY, and ROSS.

North. Well, Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.

Roſs. And living too, for now his ſon is Duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.

Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburdened with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm.

Willo. Tends what you'd ſpeak to the Duke of Hereford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Roſs. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore Heaven, it's shame such wrongs
In him a royal Prince, and many more, [are borne
Of noble blood in this declining land;
The King is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform
Merely in hate 'gainst any of us all,
That will the King severely prosecute
'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The Commons hath he pilled with grievous taxes,
And lost their hearts; the Nobles hath he fined
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devised;
As blanks, benevolences, I wot not what;
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warred he
But basely yielded upon compromise [hath not,
That which his ancestors atchieved with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The Earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The King's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach and dissolution hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
(His burdenous taxations notwithstanding)
But by the robbing of the banished Duke.

North. His noble kinsman—most degenerate King!
But, Lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of Death
I ſpy life peering; but I dare not ſay
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.

Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, Northumberland;
We three are but thyſelf, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus, my friends. I have from Port le Blanc,
A bay in Bretagne, had intelligence
That Harry Hereford, Rainald Lord Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter,
His brother, Archbiſhop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Rainſton,
Sir John Norberie, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Coines,
All theſe well furniſhed by the Duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore;
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoke,
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemiſhed crown, (7)
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſceptre's gilt,
And make high Majeſty look like itſelf;
Away with me in poſt to Ravenſpurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,

(7) *Redeem from* broken *pawn the blemiſhed crown.*] What ideas Mr Rowe and Mr Pope formed to themſelves from this paſſive epithet annexed to pawn, I cannot tell: to me it ſeems direct nonſenſe. I have reſtored the reading of the genuine old copies, *broking pawn.* The revenues of the crown were farmed to the Earl of Wiltſhire, who had them in *pawn* for what ſums he advanced, and ſo played the *broker* betwixt the King and ſubject.

Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.

Roſs. To horſe, to horſe; urge doubts to them that fear.

Wills. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Court.*

Enter Queen, BUSHY, *and* BAGOT.

Buſhy. Madam, your Majeſty is much too ſad:
You promiſed when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelf-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the King I did; to pleaſe myſelf
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief,
Save bidding farewel to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet Richard: yet again, methinks,
Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in Fortune's womb,
Is coming tow'rd me; and my inward ſoul
With nothing trembles, yet at ſomething grieves,
More than with parting from my Lord the King.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like griefs itſelf, but are not ſo:
For Sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon, (8)

(8) *Like* perſpectives, *which*, rightly, *gaz'd upon*,
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form.] This is a very fine ſimilitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongſt mathematical recreations, this, which your maſters in optics amuſe themſelves with, holds a principal place: They draw a figure, in which all the rules of *perſpective* are directly *inverted*; ſo that, conſequently, if held in the ſame poſition with thoſe pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perſpective*, it muſt preſent nothing but confuſion; and to be ſeen in form, and, under a regular appearance, it muſt be looked upon from a

Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form.--So your sweet Majesty,
Looking awry upon your Lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
Which looked on, as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Gracious Queen, then weep not
More than your Lord's departure; more's not seen:
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me otherwise: howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy-sad,
As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious Lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less; conceit is still derived
From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something grief;
Or something hath, the nothing that I grieve;
'Tis in reversion that I do possess;
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

contrary station: or, as Shakespeare says, *ey'd awry*. These kind of pictures are now very common; but not so, I believe, in our Author's time, though he so well understood their nature. Of our writers, the nearest I can meet with to his time is Hobbes, who describes this curiosity very particularly. *Est et aliud* perspectivæ *genus, hujus de qua diximus inversæ, in qua objectum ipsum rudè aliquid apparet; et (nisi oculo in certo puncto collocato) informe; in eo vero puncto id videtur quod apparere voluit pictor.* Mr *Warburton.*

To this sort of picture our Author seems again to allude in his King *Henry* V.

King *Henry.* It is so; and you may some of you thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. *King.* Yes, my Lord, you see them *perspectively*; the cities turned into a maid.

Enter GREEN.

Green. Heaven ſave your Majeſty! and well met, Gentlemen.
I hope the King is not yet ſhipp'd for Ireland. [is?
Queen. Why hopeſt thou ſo? 'tis better hope he
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipp'd?
Green. That he, our hope, might have retired
And driven into deſpair an enemy's hope, [his power,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land.
The baniſhed Bolingbroke repeals himſelf,
And with up-lifted arms is ſafe arrived
At Ravenſpurg.
Queen. Now God in Heaven forbid!
Green. O, Madam, 'tis too true; and what is worſe,
The Lord Northumberland, his young ſon Percy,
The Lords of Roſs, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
Buſhy. Why have you not proclaimed Northum-
And all of that revolted faction, traitors? [berland,
Green. We have: whereon the Earl of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſigned his ſtewardſhip;
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.
Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke my ſorrow's diſmal heir:
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gaſping new-delivered mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow joined.
Buſhy. Deſpair not, Madam.
Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening Hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper back of death,
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger, in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the Duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful business are his looks!
Uncle, for Heaven's sake, comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belye my thoughts;
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.
Your husband he is gone to save far off,
Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
Here am I left to underprop his land,
Who, weak with age, cannot support myself.
Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was; why, so, go all which way it will!
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.
Get thee to Plashie, (9) to my sister Glo'ster;
Bid her send presently a thousand pound:
Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell, to-day I came by, and called there;
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is't?

Serv. An hour before I came, the Duchess died.

York. Heaven for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come rushing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do: I would to Heaven,

(9) *Get thee to* Plashie,——] The Lordship of Plashie was a town of the Duchess of Gloucester's in Essex. See Hall's chronicle, p. 13.

(So my untruth had not provoked him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brother's.
What, are there posts dispatched for Ireland?
How shall we do for money for these wars? [me.
Come, sister; (cousin, I would say;) pray, pardon
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
[*To the Servant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you go and muster men?
If I know how to order these affairs,
Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,
Never believe me. They are both my kinsmen;
The one my sovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; th' other again
My kinsman is, one whom the King hath wronged;
Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must do: come, cousin, I'll
Dispose of you. Go muster up your men,
And meet me presently at Barkley castle:
I should to Plashie too;——
But time will not permit. All is uneven,
And every thing is left at six and seven.
[*Exeunt* York *and* Queen.

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns; for us to levy power
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the King in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the King.

Bagot. And that's the wavering Commons, for their love
Lyes in their purses; and who empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the King stands generally condemned.

Bagot. If judgment lye in them, then so do we,
Because we have been ever near the King.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge ſtrait to Briſtol-caſtle;
The Earl of Wiltſhire is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you; for little office
The hateful Commons will perform for us,
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces;
Will you go with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his Majeſty.
Farewel; if hearts preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.

Buſhy. That's as York thrives, to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor Duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.

Buſhy. Farewel at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a wild proſpect in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE *and* NORTHUMBERLAND.

Boling. How far is it, my Lord, to Barkley now?

North. I am a ſtranger here in Glo'ſterſhire:
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearieſome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenſpurg to Cotſhold will be found,
In Roſs and Willoughby wanting your company,
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweetened with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs;
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this the weary Lords

Shall make their way seem short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words: but who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester. Whencesoever
Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I thought, my Lord, t' have learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queen?

Percy. No my good Lord, he hath forsook the Court,
Broken his staff of office, and dispersed
The Houshold of the King.

North. What was his reason?
He was not so resolved, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my Lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the Duke of Hereford,
And sent me o'er by Barkley, to discover
What power the Duke of York had levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the Duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No my good Lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him. [Duke.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the

Percy. My gracious Lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young,
Which elder days shall ripen and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembring my good friends;

And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence.
My heart this cov'nant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to Barkley? and what ſtir
Keeps good old York there with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands the caſtle by yond tuft of trees,
Manned with three hundred men, as I have heard;
And in it are the Lords York, Barkley, Seymour;
None elſe of name and noble eſtimate.

Enter ROSS *and* WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the Lords of Roſs and Willoughby,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my Lords; I wot, your love
A baniſhed traitor; all my treaſury [purſues
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enriched,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble Lord.

Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore, thanks;—(the' exchequers of the poor)
Which, 'till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who now comes here?

Enter BARKLEY.

North. It is my Lord of Barkley, as I gueſs.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my meſſage is to you.

Boling. My Lord, my anſwer is to Lancaſter;
And I am come to ſeek that name in England,
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you ſay.

Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my Lord, I come, (what Lord you will)

From the moſt glorious of this land,
The Duke of York, to know what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time,
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

Enter YORK.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you;
Here comes his Grace in perſon. Noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.

Boling. My gracious uncle! [me no uncle:—

York. Tut, tut! Grace me no Grace, nor uncle
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word Grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.
Why have thoſe baniſhed and forbidden leggs
Dared once to touch a duſt of England's ground?
But more than,—why, why have they dared to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms?
Comeſt thou, becauſe th' anointed King is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyal boſom lyes his power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myſelf,
Reſcued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand French;
Oh! then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſy, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſs rebellion, and deteſted treaſon:

Thou art a banished man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banished, I was banished Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your Grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father; for, methinks in you
I see old Gaunt alive. O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemned
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upstart unthrifts? wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin King be King of England,
It must be granted I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rowze his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I am denied to shew my livery here,
And yet my letters-patents give me leave:
My fathers goods are all distrained and sold,
And these, and all, are all amiss employed.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attornies are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To mine inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your Grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right:
But, in this kind, to come in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;

And you that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworn his coming is
But for his own; and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the King:
But since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewel;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept;
But we must win your Grace to go with us
To Bristol-castle, which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their 'complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed and pluck away.

York. It may be I will go: but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are;
Things past redress are now with me past care.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *in* Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, *and a* Captain.

Cap. My Lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewel.

Salisf. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welch-man!
The King repoſeth all his truſt in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the King is dead: we will not ſtay.
The bay-trees in our country are all withered,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars from heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth;
And lean-looked prophets whiſper fearful change;
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap;
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy,
Th' other, in hope t'enjoy by rage and war.
Theſe ſigns forerun the death of Kings.
Farewel; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſured Richard their King is dead. [*Exit.*

Salisf. Ah, Richard, ah! with eyes of heavy mind,
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament:
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe and miſeryſt:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And croſsly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Bolingbroke's *Camp at* Briſtol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, ROSS, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, *with* BUSHY *and* GREEN *Priſoners.*

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth theſe men——
Buſhy and Green, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;

For 'twere no charity: yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
You have misled a Prince, a royal King;
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and disfigured clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his Queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stained the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes, with your foul wrongs.
Myself a Prince, by fortune of my birth
Near to the King in blood, (and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me,)
Have stoopt my neck under your injuries,
And sighed my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment;
While you have fed upon my signiories;
Dis-parked my parks, and felled my forest-woods;
From mine own windows torn my household coat;
Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death. See them delivered
To execution, and the hand of Death.

Bushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewel.

Green. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our souls,
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.
Uncle, you say the Queen is at your house;
For Heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated;
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take special care my greetings be delivered.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatched
With letters of your love to her at large.
Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle: come, my Lords, away, (10)
A while to work; and after holyday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Coast of* Wales.

Flourish: Drums and Trumpets.

Enter King RICHARD, AUMERLE, *Bishop of* Carlisle, *and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand?
Aum. Yea, my good Lord; how brooks your Grace the air,
After your tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.

(10) *Thanks, gentle uncle: come, my Lords, away,*
To fight with Glendower and his complices,
A while to work, and after holyday.] Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third line rhime to each other; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the Poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the Poet of forgetfulness in his own plan, and inattention to history, of which he was most observant. Bolingbroke is, as it were, yet but just arrived; he is now at Bristol; weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrection before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins the first part of King *Henry* IV. and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welchman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of King *Henry* IV. began to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer; yet it was not till the succeeding year that the King employed any force against him.

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting;
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy Sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
But let thy spiders that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, ly in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And, when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pr'ythee, with a lurking adder;
Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy Sovereign's enemies.
Mock not my senseless conjuration, Lords:
This earth shall have a feeling; and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native King
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my Lord: that Power that made you King,
Hath power to keep you King, in spight of all.
The means that Heaven yields must be embraced,
And not neglected: else if Heaven would,
And we would not Heaven's offer, we refuse
The proffered means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my Lord, that we are too re-
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security, [miss;
Grows strong and great, in substance and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin, knowest thou
That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid [not,
Behind the globe that lights the lower world;
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage bloody here?

But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole;
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their back,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revelled in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day;
But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea (11)
Can wash the balm from an anointed King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The Deputy elected by the Lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath pressed,
To lift sharp steel against our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel; then if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for Heaven still guards the right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my Lord: how far off lyes your power?

(11) *Not all the* water *in the rough rude* sea
Can wash *the* balm *from an* anointed King:] This passage seems to be parodied, if not sneered at, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher. Monsieur Marine is persuaded to quit a country life, and come up to court. When there, his wife and her accomplices make him believe that the King has created him a Duke. Upon his not behaving to their minds, they undukе him; but he, not willing to resign his new grandeur, argues thus upon it:

The King cannot take back what he has given,
Unless I forfeit it by course of law:
Not all the water in the river Seine
Can wash the blood out of these princely veins.

Salif. Nor near nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Than this weak arm: diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair:
One day (too late, I fear, my noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men.
To-day, to-day,—unhappy day, too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate.
For all the Welſhmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, diſperſed and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace ſo pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale and dead?
All ſouls, that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myſelf: am I not King?
Awake, thou coward Majeſty, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the King's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my name; a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Look not to the ground,
Ye fav'rites of a King! are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know my uncle York
Hath power to ſerve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepared;
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care:

And what loſs is it to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your Highneſs is ſo armed
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolved to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land [ſteel.
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than
White beards have armed their thin and hairleſs
ſcalps
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys with womens voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms againſt thy crown:
Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal ewe, againſt thy ſtate:
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy ſeat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou telleſt a tale
ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? where is he got? (12)
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?

(12) *Where is the Earl of* Wiltſhire? ~~*where is*~~ Pagot?
What is become of Buſhy? *where is* Green?] Here are four of them named; and, within a very few lines, the King, hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three Judas's*. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loſs of their heads. This being explained,

That they have let the dangerous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps;
If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they've made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my Lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damned without redemption;
Dogs eaſily won to fawn on any man; [Snakes in my heart-blood warmed, that ſting my heart;
Three Judaſes, each one thrice worſe than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſoureſt and moſt deadly hate:
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of Death's deſtroying hand,
And ly full low, graved in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Buſhy, Green, and the Earl of Wiltſhire dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Briſtol loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father, with his power?

Aumerle ſays, "Is Buſhy, Green, and th' Earl of Wiltſhire dead?" So that Bagot ought to be left out of the queſtion: and, indeed, he had made the beſt of his way for Cheſter, and from thence had eſcaped into Ireland. And ſo we find him, in the ſecond act, determining to do.

Bagot. No: I'll to Ireland to his Majeſty.

The Poet could not be guilty of ſo much forgetfulneſs and abſurdity. The tranſcribers muſt have blundered. It ſeems probable to me, that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text,

Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? where is *be got?*
i. e. Into what corner of my dominions is he ſlunk and abſconded?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo——for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For Heaven's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings:
How ſome have been depoſed, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they diſpoſſeſſed;
Some poiſoned by their wives, ſome ſleeping killed;
All murdered:——For within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic ſits
Scoffing his ſtate and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchiſe, be feared, and kill with looks!
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and humoured thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle-walls, and farewel King!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn reverence: throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want like you,
Taſte grief, need friends like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me I am a king?

Carl. My Lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail:
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives in your weakneſs ſtrength into your foe;
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come from fight;
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him,
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chideſt me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom:
This ague-fit of fear is overblown;
An eaſy taſk it is to win our own.
Say, Scroop, where lyes our uncle with his power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky,
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken.
Your uncle York is joined with Bolingbroke,
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his faction.

K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee, Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To* Aumerle.
Of that ſweet way I was in to deſpair.
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By Heaven I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint-caſtle, there I'll pine away:

A king, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey:
That power I have, diſcharge; and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath ſome hope to grow;
For I have none. Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatt'ries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers: let them hence, away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Bolingbroke's *Camp, near* Flint.

Enter with Drum and Colours, BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Attendants.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welſhmen are diſperſed; and Saliſbury
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends upon this coaſt.

North. The news is very fair and good, my Lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beſeem the Lord Northumberland
To ſay King Richard. Ah, the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred king ſhould hide his head!

North. Your Grace miſtakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the head, the whole head's length.

Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, farther than you ſhould.

York. Take not, good couſin, farther than you ſhould,
Leſt you miſtake; the Heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle, nor oppoſe myſelf
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this caſtle yield?

Percy. The caſtle royally is manned, my Lord,
Againſt your entrance.

Boling. Royally? why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good Lord,
It doth contain a king: King Richard lyes
Within the limits of yond lime and ſtone,
And with him Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, beſides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the Biſhop of Carliſle.

Boling. Noble Lord, [*To* North.
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle,
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parle
Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver:
Henry of Bolingbroke upon his knees
Doth kiſs King Richard's hand, and ſends allegiance
And ſaith of heart unto his royal perſon:
Even at his feet I lay my arms and power,
Provided that my baniſhment repealed,
And lands reſtored again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll uſe th' advantage of my power,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rained from the wounds of ſlaughtered Engliſhmen.
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair King Richard's land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go ſignify as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this plain;
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this caſtle's tattered battlements
Our fair appointments may be well peruſed.

Methinks King Richard and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering ſhock, (13)
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of Heaven:
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark King Richard how he looks.

Parle without, and anſwer within; then a Flouriſh.
Enter on the walls King RICHARD, *the Biſhop of* Carliſle, AUMERLE, SCROOP, *and* SALISBURY.

See! ſee! King Richard doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun,
From out the fiery portal of the eaſt,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the occident.

York. Yet looks he like a king: behold his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty: alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. Rich. We are amazed, and thus long have we ſtood

(13) ——— *when their thund'ring* ſmoak,
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.] This is the firſt time, I believe, we ever heard of a thundering ſmoak; I never conceived any thing of a more ſilent nature. But this is a noſtrum of the wiſe editors; who imagine, I preſume, that the report and thundering of a cannon proceed from the ſmoak, and not from the exploſion of the powder. I have reſtored the reading of the elder Quarto, which gives us the true alluſion of the Poet. So again in the beginning of 1 K. *Henry* IV.

——— Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately *meet* in the inteſtine *ſhock*
And furious cloſe of civil butchery, &c.

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
[*To* North.
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful king;
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their lawful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God
That hath diſmiſſed us from our ſtewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſceptre,
Unleſs he do profane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;
Yet know, my maſter, God omnipotent
Is muſt'ring in his clouds in our behalf
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond methinks he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treaſon. He is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war:
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace, (14)

(14) *But e'er the crown he looks for live in peace,*
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flower of England's *face*:] Though I have not diſturbed the text here, I cannot but think it liable to ſuſpicion. A crown living in peace, as Mr Warburton juſtly obſerved to me, is a very odd phraſe. He ſuppoſes;

But e'er the crown he looks for, *light* in peace,

i. e. deſcend and ſettle upon Bolingbroke's head in peace. — Again, I have a ſmall quarrel to the third line quoted. Would the Poet ſay, that bloody crowns ſhould diſfigure the flowers that ſpring on the ground, and bedew the graſs with blood? Surely the two images are too ſimilar. I have ſuſpected,

Shall ill become the *floor* of England's face;

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flow'r of England's face:
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pasture's grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should so with civil and uncivil arms [King
Be rush'd upon! no, thy thrice noble cousin,
Harry of Bolingbroke, doth kiss thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
(Currents that spring from one most gracious head)
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,
His coming hither hath no farther scope
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees;
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glitt'ring arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your Majesty.
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say thus the King returns:
His noble cousin is right-welcome hither,
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplished without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [*To Aum.*

i. e. Shall make a dismal spectacle on the surface of the kingdom's earth. So in *The Merchant of Venice*,

——Look how the *floor* of Heaven
Is thick inlayed with patterns of bright gold.

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, my good Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till Time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. Oh God! oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yond proud man, should take it off again
With words of sooth! Oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
O that I could forget what I have been,
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swellest thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the King do now? must he submit?
The King shall do it: must he be deposed?
The King shall be contented: must he lose
The name of King? o' God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace for a hermitage;
My gay apparel for an alms-man's gown;
My figured goblets for a dish of wood;
My sceptre for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave;
A little, little grave;—an obscure grave.
Or I'll be buried in the King's highway, (15)

(15) *Or I'll be buried in the King's highway,*
Some way of common trade—] As specious as this reading appears, Mr Warburton, Mr Bishop, and I, am

Some way of common tread, where subjects feet
May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread now, whilst I live;
And, buried once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weepest, (my tender-hearted cousin!)
We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land;
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?
As this, to drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lyes
Two kinsmen digged their graves with weeping eyes?
Would not this ill do well? well, well, I see
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his Majesty
Give Richard leave to live, till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says, Ay.

North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend
To speak with you, may't please you to come down.

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glist'ring Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
In the base court? base court, where kings grow base,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the base court come down! down court, down King;

concurred in suspecting it, and in the amendment which now possesses the text;

Some way of common *tread*,——

i. e. a highroad. He subjoins immediately;

For on my heart they *tread* now, whilst I live:

And we know how much it is Shakespeare's way to diversify the image with the same word.

For night-owls ſhriek where mounting larks ſhould ſing.

Boling. What ſays his Majeſty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantic man;
Yet is he come.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his Majeſty.
My gracious Lord—— [*Kneels.*

K. Rich. Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely knee,
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleaſed eye ſee your courteſy.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deſerve; they well deſerve to have,
That know the ſtrongeſt and ſureſt way to get.
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to be my heir;
What you will have I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt what force will have us do.
Set on towards London. Couſin, is it ſo?

Boling. Yea, my good Lord.

K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay No.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Garden in the* Queen's *Court.*

Enter Queen *and two* Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.
Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; some other sport.
Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.
Queen. Of sorrow or of joy.
Lady. Of either, Madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl.
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll sing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause; weep.
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou
Lady. I could weep, Madam, would it do you good.
Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners.
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.
My wretchedness unto a row of pins, (16)

(16) *My wretchedness* suits with *a row of* pines.] This is merely, I presume, *ex cathedra popiana*: for I can find no authority for it; any more than any sense in it. Mr Rowe's editions indeed have it;

My wretchedness *unto* a row of *pines.*

Enter a Gardener, *and two* Servants.

They'll talk of ſtate; for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a change; woe is forerun with woe.
[*Queen and Ladies retire.*

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond dangling apricots,
Which, like unruly children, make their ſire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.
Go, thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our government.

But this, again, is wrong; and we muſt read with the old books,

—— *unto a row of* pins.

So *Hamlet* ſays;

I valiue not my life at a *pin's* fee.
—— Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance,
As frankly as a *pin*. *Vocal for Meaſ.*

The Queen here is ſtaking her afflictions to the moſt inconſiderable trifle ſhe can think of, that the gardeners will talk of ſtate-affairs. The alluſion of a *row of pins*, 'tis true, is mean and ridiculous enough in conſcience; but theſe diſproportioned wagers may be juſtified by a number of parallel inſtances:

I'll lay my *head* to any good man's *hat*.
Love's Labour's Loſt.

And again:

My *hat* to an *half-penny*.
My *dukedom* to a beggarly *denier*. *Richard III.*

So Ford, a cotemporary poet with our Author, in his *Love's Sacrifice*;

—— By this light,
I'll pledge my *ſoul* againſt a uſeleſs *ruſh*.

And again in the ſame play:

'Tis a *lordſhip* to a dozen of *points*, &c.

But examples of this ſort are ſo numerous, that I would be bound with great eaſe to furniſh five hundred.

You thus employed, I will go root away
The noiſome weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholeſome flowers.
Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm ſtate,
When our ſea-walled garden, (the whole land),
Is full of weeds, her faireſt flowers choaked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruined,
Her knots diſordered, and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He, that hath ſuffered this diſordered ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad-ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
(That ſeemed, in eating him, to hold him up,)
Are pulled up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean the Earl of Wiltſhire, Buſhy, Green.
Serv. What, are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And Bolingbroke hath ſeized the waſteful King.
What pity is't that he had not ſo trimmed
And dreſſed his land, as we this garden dreſs,
And wound the bark, the ſkin, of our fruit-trees!
Leſt, being over proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf.
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the crown,
Which waſte and idle hours have quite thrown down.
Serv. What, think you then the King ſhall be depoſed?
Gard. Depreſſed he is already, and depoſed

'Tis doubted he will be. Letters laſt night
Came to a dear friend of the Duke of York,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am preſſed to death thro' want of ſpeaking.
Thou Adam's likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What Eve, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why doſt thou ſay King Richard is depoſed?
Dar'ſt thou, (thou little better thing than earth),
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how
Cameſt thou by theſe ill tidings? ſpeak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, Madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news; yet what I ſay is true;
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weighed:
In your Lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light:
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Beſides himſelf are all the Engliſh Peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Poſt you to London, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that know it? oh, thou thinkeſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come, Ladies, go,
To meet at London, London's King in woe.
What, was I born to this! that my ſad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!
Gard'ner, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would the plants thou graft'ſt may never grow.

[*Exe.* Queen *and* Ladies.

Gard. Poor Queen, ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of rue, four *herb of grace;* (17)
Rue, ev'n for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping Queen.

[*Ex. Gard. and Serv.*

(17) *I'll ſet a bank of* rue, four *herb of grace;*] Our Poet has in other paſſages, not without ſome ſuperſtition, hinted at *rue* having the ſur-name of *herbe de grace.* So in his *Winter's Tale;*

——Reverend ſirs,
For you there's roſemary and *rue*, theſe keep
Seeming and ſavour all the winter long;
Grace and remembrance be unto you both!

And Ophelia in *Hamlet;*

"There's *rue* for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it *herb of grace* o' Sundays; you may wear your rue with a difference.

Rue, I preſume, might have obtained this addition of reverence, for that it has been employed in ſome countries as an alexipharmic potent againſt peſtilence. And as to its general efficacy againſt poiſons, Hiſtoire, if we may believe him, tells us, that the weazel eats of it, to prevent the injury of a ſerpent's bite. But what contributed to its ſuppoſed ſanctity, I gueſs, is, that it was always one of the hallowed ingredients uſed in the preparations by exoreiſts to expel devils. Mengus, in his *Fuga Dæmonum*, (and the other books of that ſtamp) furniſh ſufficient authorities.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *in* London.

Enter as to the Parliament, BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, SURRY, *Biſhop of* Carliſle, *Abbot of* Weſtminſter, *Herald, Officers, and* BAGOT.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL Bagot forth. Now freely ſpeak thy mind,
What thou doſt know of noble Glo'ſter's death;
Who wrought it with the King, and who performed
The bloody office of his timeleſs end.

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay what it hath once delivered.
In that dead time when Glo'ſter's death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, " Is not my arm of length,
" That reacheth from the reſtful Engliſh court
" As far as Calais to my uncle's head?"
Amongſt much other talk, that very time,
I heard you ſay, " You rather had refuſe
" The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
" Than Bolingbroke return to England;" adding,
" How bleſt this land would be in this your couſin's
" death."

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my fair ſtars,
On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?

Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoiled
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt,
And I'll maintain what thou haſt ſaid is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath moved me ſo.

Fitzw. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair ſun, that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Glo'ſter's death.
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dareſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.

Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damned to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt;
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage
To prove it on thee, to th' extremeſt point
Of mortal breathing. Seize it, if thou dareſt.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Who ſets me elſe? by Heaven I'll throw at all.
I have a thouſand ſpirits in my breaſt,
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.

Surry. My Lord Fitzwater, I remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitzw. My Lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then,
And you can witneſs with me this is true.

Surry. As false, by Heaven, as Heaven itself is true,
Fitzw. Surry, thou liest.
Surry. Dishonourable boy,
That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, rest
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'st.
Fitzw. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surry in a wilderness,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal.
Besides, I heard the banished Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke at Calais.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repealed, to try his honour.
Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repealed. Repealed he shall be;
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his seigniories; when he's returned,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.
Carl. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.
Many a time hath banished Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ, in glorious Christian field
Streaming the ensign of the Christian cross
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
Then, toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy, and there at Venice gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.
Boling. Why, Bishop, is Norfolk dead?
Carl. Sure as I live, my Lord.
Boling. Sweet peace conduct his soul
To th' bosom of good Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK.

York. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard, who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand.
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the Fourth!
Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.
Carl. Marry, Heaven forbid!
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true boldness would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his King?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's Majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, and planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? oh, forbid it!
That, in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed.

I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirred up by Heaven, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's King;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of Peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound.
Disorder, horror, fear and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's sculls.
Oh, if you rear this house against this house, (18)
It will the woefullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you, woe.

North. Well have you argued, Sir; and for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here.
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May't please you, Lords, to grant the Commons' suit?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view,

(18) *Oh, if you rear this house against his house,*] This is only the reading of our last learned editor, and can mean no more than this, if you rear the parliament-house, or Bolingbroke's house against King Richard's house, it will make a most woful division. But, with submission, the Poet intended something farther: i. e. If you aim at setting up monarchy against monarchy, *a house divided against itself can never stand.* The allusion is certainly to this phrase in the Gospel; and all the genuine copies, *uno ore*, concur in reading,

Oh, if you rear *this* house against *this* house.

But Mr. Pope, perhaps, may not be for having Scripture alluded to, unless ludicrously; and so would not allow a Bishop to quote a text, though ever so much to his purpose.

He may ſurrender. So we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Bolingb. Lords, you that here are under our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little looked for at your helping hands.

Enter King RICHARD *and* YORK.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reigned? I hardly yet have learned
T' inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.
Give ſorrow leave a-while, to tutor me,
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The favours of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, all hail to me?
So Judas did to Chriſt: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thouſand,
God ſave the King!—will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both prieſt and clerk? Well then, Amen.
God ſave the King, although I be not he;
And yet, Amen, if Heaven do think him me.
To do what ſervice am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired Majeſty did make thee offer;
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crown.

K. Rich. Give me the crown.——Here, couſin,
ſeize the crown.
Here on this ſide my hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I;
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Bolingb. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories, and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I King of those.

Bolingb. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
My care, is loss of care, by old care done:
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Bolingb. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no; no, ay; for I must nothing be:
Therefore no, no; for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm;
With mine own hands I give away my crown;
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state;
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths.
All pomp and Majesty I do forswear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forgo;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny:
God pardon all oaths that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved,
And thou with all pleased, that hast all atchieved,
Long mayest thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God save King Henry, unkinged Richard says,
And send him many years of sun-shine days!
What more remains?

North. No more; but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes

Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land;
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depoſed.
K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? if thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Marked with a blot, damned in the book of Heaven.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf,
Though ſome of you with Pilate waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here delivered me to my four croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.
North. My Lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.
K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears: I cannot ſee;
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
T' undeck the pompous body of a King;
Made glory baſe; a ſovereign, a ſlave:
Proud majeſty, a ſubject: ſtate, a peaſant.
North. My Lord, ——
K. Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
Nor no man's Lord: I have no name, no title;
No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis uſurped. Alack the heavy day!
That I have worn ſo many winters out,

And know not now what name to call myself!
Oh, that I were a mockery-king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops! [good,)
Good King,—great King,—(and yet not greatly
An if my word be sterling yet in England, [*To* Bol.
Let it command a mirror hither straight,
That it may shew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his Majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend, thou tormentest me ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not then be satisfied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book, indeed,
Where all my sins are writ, and that's myself.

Enter One with a Glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.
No deeper wrinkles yet? hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? oh, flattering glass!
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me. Was this face, the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men? was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face, which faced so many follies,
That was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face;

[*Dashes the glass against the ground.*

As brittle, as the glory, is the face:
For there it is cracked in an hundred shivers.

Mark, silent King, the moral of this sport,
How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow! ha, let's see,
'Tis very true, my grief lyes all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul.
There lyes the substance: and I thank thee, King,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teach'st me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a King:
or when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a King here to my flatterer:
Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither? [sighs.
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your
Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. Oh, good! convey:—conveyers are
you all, (19)
That rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.

(19) *O, good!*—convey:—conveyers *are you all,*] i. e. *Thieves.* This will be explained by a passage quoted from *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Fal.—His *filching* was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.

Boling. On Wedneſday next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our coronation: Lords, prepare yourſelves.
[*Exe. all but Abbot, Biſhop of* Carliſle, *and* Aumerle.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld!
Biſhop. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as ſharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the ſacrament,
To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears.
Come home with me to ſupper, and I'll lay
A plot, ſhall ſhew us all a merry day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street in* London.

Enter Queen, *and* Ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the King will come: this is the way
To Julius Cæſar's ill-erected tower;
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a priſoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any reſting for her true King's Queen.

Nym. The good humour is to *ſteal* at a minute's reſt.
Piſt. Convey, the wiſe it call. *Steal?*—foh! a *fico* for the phraſe.

Enter King RICHARD, *and Guards.*

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither; yet look up, behold,
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And with him freſh again with true-love tears.
O thou, the model where old Troy did ſtand,
[*To K. Rich.*
Thou map of honour, thou King Richard's tomb,
And not King Richard: thou moſt beauteous inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-houſe gueſt? [ſo,
K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair woman do not
To make my end too ſudden: learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream,
From which awaked, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. I am ſworn brother, ſweet,
To grim Neceſſity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloiſter thee in ſome religious houſe;
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.
Queen. What, is my Richard both in ſhape and mind
Transformed and weak? hath Bolingbroke depos'd
Thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpower'd: and wilt thou, pupil like,
Take thy correction, mildly kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a lion and a King of beaſts?
K. Rich. A King of beaſts, indeed; if ought but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy King of men.
Good ſometime Queen, prepare thee hence for France:

Think I am dead; and that ev'n here thou takeſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In winter's tedious nights ſit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell the tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why? the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compaſſion weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful King.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *attended.*

North. My Lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed:
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, Madam, there is order ta'en for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed you muſt away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke aſcends my throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gath'ring head,
Shall break into corruption; thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all:
And he ſhall think, that thou, which know'ſt the way
To plant ungrateful Kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urged, another way
To pluck him headlong from th' uſurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end!
Take leave and part, for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced? bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me:
[*To the Queen.*
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shiv'ring cold and sickness pines the clime:
My Queen to France; from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or shortest day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the King with me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here:
Better far off than near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief:
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiss.*

Queen. Give me mine own again, 'twere no good part
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[*Kiss again.*

So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Duke of* York's *Palace.*

Enter YORK *and his* Dutcheſs.

Duch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two couſins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that ſad ſtop, my Lord,
Where rude miſgoverned hands from window tops
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeemed to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cried, God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, countrymen;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.
Duch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men, [while?
After a well-graced actor leaves the ſtage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, mens' eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cried, God save him!
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience;
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steeled
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richard's friend.
And, Madam, you must call him Rutland now;
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And lasting fealty to the new-made King.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets now
That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care.
God knows I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?

Aum. For ought I know they do.

York. You will be there?

Aum. If God prevent me not, I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then, who sees it.
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, Sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear——

Duch. What should you fear, my Lord?
'Tis nothing but some bond he's entered into,
For gay apparel against the triumph.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a [bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me see the writing. [shew it.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.
[*Snatches it, and reads.*
Treason! foul treason! villain, traitor, slave!

Duch. What's the matter, my Lord?

York. Hoa, who's within there? saddle my horse.
Heav'n, for his mercy! what treachery is here?

Duch. Why, what is't, my Lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Duch. What is the matter?

York. Peace, foolish woman. [son?

Duch. I will not peace: what is the matter,

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer!

Enter Servant *with Boots.*

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the King.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. (Poor boy, thou art amazed.)

Hence, villain, never more come in my sight.
[*Speaking to the Servant.*

York. Give me my boots.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?

York. Thou fond mad-woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably have set their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.

Duch. He shall be none:
We'll keep him here: then what is that to him?

York. Away, fond woman: were he twenty times
My son, I would appeach him.

Duch. Hadst thou groaned for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful:
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [*Exit.*

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his
Spur post, and get before him to the King, [*horse;*
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardoned thee. Away.

H [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Court at Windsor-Castle* (20).

Enter BOLINGBROKE, PERCY, *and other Lords.*

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to Heaven, my Lords, he might be found.
Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there:
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions:
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers: (21)
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew. [Prince.

Percy. My Lord, some two days since, I saw the
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

(20) *Scene changes to* Oxford.] This distinction of scenery, which is marked in none of the former copies, we owe to the happy efforts of Mr Pope in his editions. But indolence and industry work the same effects upon this gentleman in his discoveries, and are both the parents of error. 'Tis true, the turnaments, prepared for the destruction of Bolingbroke, were appointed at Oxford, and thither Bolingbroke was invited by the conspirators. But the plot was discovered early enough to prevent his setting out for Oxford; and the Duke of York impeached his son to him, and Aumerle likewise accused himself, at the castle of Windsor, where Bolingbroke then resided, as Mr Pope might have seen in our English chronicles: and therefore thither I have removed the scene.

(21) *And* rob *our watch, and* beat *our passengers.*] This fashion seems a little altered in but days, if we were to take this on truft for the genuine reading. But though the generality of the copies have fallen into this blundering transposition, the good old Quarto, with which one would imagine Mr Pope had traded so accurately, bids us read as I have regulated the text,

And beat our watch, and *rob* our passengers.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was, he would unto the stews,
And from the commonest creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute as desperate; yet through both
I see some sparks of hope, which elder days
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE.

Aum. Where is the King?

Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares
And looks so wildly? [Majesty,

Aum. God save your Grace. I do beseech your
To have some conference with your Grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.
What is the matter with our cousin now? [Kneels.

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise or speak!

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire. [York *within.*

York. My Liege, beware, look to thyself,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [Draws.

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou hast no cause to fear.

York. Open the door, secure, fool-hardy King:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak, take
Tell us how near is danger, [breath:
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou readest, thy promise
I do repent me; read not my name there, [past:
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. Villain, it was, ere thy hand set it down
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, King.
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent, that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou clear, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages,
Hath had his current, and defiled himself.
Thy overflow of good converts to bad; (22)
And thine abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers gold.
Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lyes:
Thou kill'st me in his life, giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

(22) *Thy overflow of good converts to bad;*] This alludes to that observation of the naturalists; that the extreme of any thing is easily converted to its contrary.
Mr. *Warburton.*

Duchess within. What ho, my Liege! for Heaven's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great King; 'tis I. Speak with me, pity me, open the door; A beggar begs, that never begged before.

Boling. Our scene is altered from a serious thing, And now changed to the beggar and the King. My dangerous cousin, let your mother in; I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray, More sins for his forgiveness prosper may; This festered joint cut off, the rest is sound; This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter DUCHESS.

Duch. O King, believe not this hard-hearted man; Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou do here? Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient; hear me, gentle Liege. [*Kneels.*

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech; For ever will I kneel upon my knees, And never see day that the happy sees, Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy, By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee. [*Kneels.*

York. Against them both my true joints bended be. [*Kneels.*
Ill mayest thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayer's in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſy,
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity;
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them crave
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up;

Duch. Nay, do not ſay ſtand up;
But pardon firſt, ſay afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never longed to hear a word till now:
Say pardon, King; let pity teach thee how.

Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.

Duch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as Heaven ſhall pardon me.

Duch. O happy 'vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear; ſpeak it again:
Twice ſaying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like pardon, for Kings mouths ſo meet.

York. Speak it in French, King; ſay *pardonnez moy.*

Duch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my ſour huſband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſetteſt the word itſelf againſt the word,
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land,
The chopping French we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there;
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;

That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law,—the Abbot---(23)
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtreight ſhall dog them at the heels.
Good uncle, help to order ſeveral powers
To Oxford, or where-e'er theſe traitors are.
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear;
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewel; and couſin too, adieu;
Your mother well hath prayed, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old ſon; I pray Heaven make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

Enter EXTON *and a Servant.*

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the King, what words he ſpake?
"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear!"
Was it not ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very words.

Exton. "Have I no friend?"—quoth he; he ſpake it twice,
And urged it twice together; did he not?

(23) *But for our truſty* brother-in-law,—*the* Abbot——] Without theſe marks of disjunction, which I have thought proper to add, the Abbot here mentioned, and Bolingbroke's brother-in-law, ſeem to be one and the ſame perſon; but this was not the caſe. The Abbot of Weſtminſter was an eccleſiaſtic; but the brother-in-law meant, was John Duke of Exeter and Earl of Huntingdon, (own brother to King Richard II.) and who had married with the Lady Elizabeth, ſiſter to Henry of Bolingbroke.

Serv. He did.

Exton. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly looked on me,
As who ſhall ſay,---I would thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the King's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Priſon at* Pomfret-caſtle.

Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been ſtudying how to compare
This priſon where I live unto the world;
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer on't.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul,
My ſoul the father; and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little world;
In humour like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
(As thoughts of things divine,) are intermix'd
With ſcruples, and do ſet the word itſelf
Againſt the word; as thus; "Come, little ones;" and
"It is as hard to come, as for a camel [then again,
"To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye."
Thoughts, tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders; how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls,
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
And ſhall not be the laſt: like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the ſtocks, refuge their ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;

And, in this thought, they find a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endured the like.
Thus play I in one priſon many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King,
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me I was better when a King;
Then am I kinged again; and by and by
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And ſtraight am nothing---but whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleaſed, till he be eaſed
With being nothing---Muſic do I hear? [*Muſic.*
Ha, ha; keep time: how four ſweet muſic is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the muſic of men's lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſordered ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke:
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath Time made me his numbering clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
Their watches to mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans
Shew minutes, hours and times—O, but my time
Runs poſting on, in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jack o' the clock.
This muſic mads me, let it ſound no more;
For though it have helped madmen to their wits,
In me it ſeems it will make wiſe men mad.

Yet bleſſing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to Richard
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal Prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble Peer.
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art? how comeſt thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad drudge (24)
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, King,
When thou wert King; who travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometime maſter's face.
O, how it yearned my heart, when I beheld,
In London ſtreets, that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on Roan Barbary!
That horſe that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe that I ſo carefully have dreſſed.

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly as he had diſdained the ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!

(24) *Where no man ever comes, but that ſad* dog] I have ventured at a change here, againſt the authority of the copies, by the direction of Mr Warburton. Indeed, *ſad dog* ſavours too much of the comedian, the oratory of the late facetious Mr Penkethman. And *drudge* is the word of contempt which our Author chuſes to uſe on other like occaſions. So in the 2 *Henry* VI.

Oh, that I were a god, to ſhoot forth thunder
Upon theſe paltry, ſervile, abject *drudges!*

And again,

And will you credit this baſe *drudge*'s words? *Ibid.*

And in many other paſſages.

That jade hath ate bread from my royal hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe; why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be ruled by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burden like an aſs,
Spur-galled and tired by jaunting Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, *with a Diſh.*

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My Lord, will't pleaſe you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.

Keep. My Lord, I dare not; for Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the King, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaſter and thee!
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it. [*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help.———

Enter EXTON *and Servants.*

K. Rich. How now? what means Death in this rude aſſault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's inſtrument; [*Snatching a ſword.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[Exton *ſtrikes him down.*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,

That ſtaggers thus my perſon; thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood ſtained the King's own land.
Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die.
[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood;
Both have I ſpilt. Oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the living King I'll bear;
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Court at* Windſor.

Flouriſh. *Enter* BOLINGBROKE, YORK, *with other Lords and Attendants.*

Boling. Kind uncle York, the lateſt news we hear
Is, that the rebels have conſumed with fire
Our town of Ciceſter in Glouceſterſhire;
But whether they be ta'en or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my Lord: what is the news?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred ſtate wiſh I all happineſs;
The next news is, I have to London ſent
The heads of Sal'ſbury, Spencer, Blunt and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here.
[*Preſenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitzw. My Lord, I have from Oxford ſent to Lon-
The heads of Broccas, and Sir Bennet Seely; [don
Two of the dangerous conſorted traitors
That ſought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, ſhall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY *and the Biſhop of* Carliſle.

Percy. The grand conſpirator, Abbot of Weſtmin-
With clog of conſcience, and ſour melancholy, [ſter,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is Carliſle, living to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.

Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liveſt in peace, die free from ſtrife.
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee have I ſeen.

Enter EXTON, *with a Coffin.*

Exton. Great King, within this coffin I preſent
Thy buried fear. Herein all breathleſs lyes
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought (25)

(25) ——— *for thou haſt wrought*
A deed of ſlaughter *with thy fatal hand.*] I have choſe the reading of the elder Quarto here, *a deed of* ſlander &c. For Richard's murder might be a reproach upon the whole country, though his death could not be laid to their general charge.

A deed of ſlander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my Lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poiſon that do poiſon need:
Nor do I thee; though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour.
With Cain go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day or light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black incontinent.
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The First Part of

HENRY IV,

WITH THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

HENRY, firnamed HOTSPUR.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

King HENRY IV.

Henry *Prince of* Wales, } *Sons to the King.*
John *Duke of*-Lancaſter, }

Worceſter,
Northumberland,
Hotſpur,
Mortimer,
Archbiſhop of York,
Douglas,
Owen Glendower,
Sir Richard Vernon,
Sir Michell,
} *Enemies to the King.*

Weſtmorland,
Sir Walter Blunt, } *of the King's Party.*
Sir John Falſtaff.

Poins,
Gads-hill,
Peto,
Bardolph,
} *Companions to* Falſtaff.

Lady Percy, *Wife to* Hotſpur.
Lady Mortimer, *Daughter to* Glendower, *and Wife to* Mortimer.
Hoſteſs Quickly.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

(1) The FIRST PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Court in* London.

Enter King HENRY, *Lord* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, *Earl of* WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

King HENRY.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in ſtronds afar remote.
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil (2)

(1) *The firſt part of* Henry IV.] The tranſactions contained in this hiſtorical drama, are comprized within the period of about ten months: for the action commences with the news brought of Hotſpur having defeated the Scots under Archibald Earl Douglas at Holmedon, (or Halidown hill), which battle was fought on Holyrood day, (the 14th of September, 1402;) and it cloſes with the defeat and death of Hotſpur at Shrewſbury, which engagement happened on Saturday the 21ſt of July (the eve of St Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403.

(2) *No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil*
Shall dawb *her lips with her own children's blood:*] Thus the old Quarto and the firſt Folio. I have choſen to read, with ſome of the more recent impreſſions, *damp*: and if I do not miſtake the ſenſe of the paſſage, the antitheſis, that ſeems deſigned, requires this reading. *Entrance of this ſoil*, I apprehend, cannot well mean an invaſion of the kingdom:

Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood:
No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled Heaven,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now in mutual well-beſeeming ranks
March all one way; and be no more oppoſed
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
(Whoſe ſoldier now, under whoſe bleſſed croſs
We are impreſſed, and engaged to fight)
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we levy;
Whoſe arms were moulded in their mother's womb,
To chaſe theſe pagans, in thoſe holy fields
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelvemonth old,

nor could the King have a reaſon to ſay, that England ſhould never again be attempted by hoſtile arms. The expreſſion is very obſcure; but I take this to be the meaning: That the thirſty earth, chapt and ſlawed with drought, ſhall no more damp or moiſten her lips, or ſurface, with her own children's blood. The dry earth drinking in this manner, is a very natural alluſion, and frequent with our Author. So in his *troubleſome Reign of King John*;

Is all the *blood*, yſpilt on either part,
Cloſing the *crannies* of the *thirſty earth*,
Grown to a love-game, and a bridal feaſt?

3 *Henry* VI.

Thy brother's *blood* the *thirſty earth* hath *drunk*.

Titus Andronicus:

Let my tears *ſtanch* the *earth's dry appetite*.

And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore, we meet not now: then let me hear
Of you, my gentle couſin Weſtmorland,
What yeſternight our council did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

Weſt. My Liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet down
But yeſternight: when, all athwart, there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight
Againſt th' irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken;
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Upon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
By thoſe Welſhwomen done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, re-told or ſpoken of.

K. Henry. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this
Brake off our buſineſs for the Holy land. [broil

Weſt. This match'd with other did, my gracious
For more uneven and unwelcome news [Lord;
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotſpur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon ſpent a ſad and bloody hour:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way. [friend,

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true induſtrious
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe, (3)

(3) *Sir* Walter Blunt, *new lighted from his horſe,*
Stained with the variation of each ſoil,
Betwixt that Holmedon, *&c.*] This circumſtance of

Stained with the variation of each ſoil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this ſeat of ours;
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold Scots, three-and-twenty knights,
Balked in their own blood did Sir Walter ſee
On Holmedon's plains. Of priſoners Hotſpur took
Mordake the Earl of Fife, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten Douglas, and the Earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Monteith.
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?

Weſt. In faith, a conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou makeſt me ſad, and makeſt me ſin
In envy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon, who is the theme of Honour's tongue:
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtreighteſt plant;
Who is ſweet Fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young Harry. O could it be proved
That ſome night-tripping Fairy had exchanged,
In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
And called mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*;
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.---What think you, [couſin,

Blunt's ſpeed, and being beſpattered with the different dirt of each county, was looked on, I apprehend, in a ludicrous light by ſome carpers; at leaſt, I find it *parodied* in an old comedy, and applied to a perſon in a ſcuffle tumbled into the dirt.

——————your band and doublet
Torn from your neck and back; and your brave breeches
Stained with the variation of each ſoil.
Merry Milk-maids, Ac. 2. Sc. 2.

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects,
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next, our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the Lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my Liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment of the Prince's.*

Enter HENRY *Prince of* Wales, *and Sir* JOHN FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches in the afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-coloured taffata; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, Hal. For

we that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars, and not by Phœbus, he, that wandering knight ſo fair. And, I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art King——as God ſave thy Grace, (Majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none)——

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly——

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, (4) let not us that are ſquires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's booty. Let us be Diana's foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moon; and let men ſay, we be men of good government, being governed as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the moon, under whoſe countenance we------ſteal.

P. Henry. Thou ſayeſt well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the ſea, being governed, as the ſea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatched on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning; got with ſwearing, *lay by;* and ſpent with crying, *bring in:* now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

(4) *Let not us that are ſquires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's* beauty.] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day's beauty? they robbed by moonſhine; they could not ſteal the fair day light. I have ventured to ſubſtitute, *booty:* and this I take to be the meaning Let us not be called thieves, the purloiners of that booty, which, to the proprietors, was the purchaſe of honeſt labour and induſtry by day.

(5) *Fal.* By the Lord thou ſayeſt true, lad; and is not mine hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?

(6) *P. Henry.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the caſtle; and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

(5) Fal.—*and is not mine hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?*

P. Henry.——*and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?*

Fal.——*what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?*

P. Henry. *Why, what a pox have I to do with my hoſteſs of the tavern?*] This manner of croſs-queſtioning is not unlike ſeveral paſſages in Plautus; particularly this in *Moſtellaria*, Ac. 1. Sc. 3.

Jampridem ecaſtor frigida non lavi mi gis lubenter;
Nec quam me melius mea ſcapha, rear eſſe defæcatam.
S. *Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno meſſis magna*
Fuit. P. *Quid ea meſſis attinet ad meam lavationem?*
S. *Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad meſſem.*

(6) *As the honey of* Hybla, *my* old *lad of the* caſtle;] Mr Rowe, (as I have obſerved in a note on the *Merry Wives of Windſor*,) took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falſtaff was ſaid to have been written originally under the name of Oldcaſtle. An ingenious correſpondent (whom I only know by his ſigning himſelf L. H.) hints to me, that the paſſage above quoted from our Author proves, what Mr Rowe tells us was a tradition. Old lad of the caſtle, ſeems to have a reference to Oldcaſtle. Beſides, if this had not been the fact, (before the change was made to Falſtaff) why, in the epilogue to the ſecond part of *Henry* IV. where our Author promiſes to continue his ſtory with Sir John in it, ſhould he ſay, Where, for any thing I know, Falſtaff ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcaſtle died a martyr, and this is not the man? This looks like declining a point, that had been made an objection to him. I'll give farther matter in proof, which ſeems almoſt to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called *The famous Victories of Henry the* V. containing the honourable battle of Agincourt.——The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of King Henry IV.'s reign, and ends with Henry V. marrying Princeſs Catharine of France. The ſcene opens with Prince Henry's robberies. Sir John Old-

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag; what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hoſteſs of the tavern?

caſtle is one of his gang, and called Jockie; and Ned and Gadſhill are two other comrades——From this old imperfect ſketch, I have a ſuſpicion Shakeſpeare might form his two parts of *Henry* IV. and his hiſtory of King *Henry* V. and conſequently 'tis not improbable that he might continue the mention of Sir John Oldcaſtle, till ſome deſcendants of that family moved Queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name. When this change was made, it cannot now be eaſily determined. Falſtaff is our man as far back as the year 1599, (the date of my oldeſt Quarto of 1 *Henry* IV.) And that this piece had been played, and was well known before that year, appears from this circumſtance; that Ben Johnſon's *Every Man out of his Humour* ſtarted firſt into public in 1599, and in the cloſe of it there is mention made of the Fat of Sir John Falſtaff. I'll obſerve but one thing more in ſupport of the tradition, which will go near to put the matter out of queſtion. I have an edition printed in 1600, of *The firſt part of the true and honourable hiſtory of the life of Sir John Oldcaſtle, the good Lord Cobham*. There is a prologue prefixed, which expreſſes ſome fears in the Author, leſt the doubtful title upon the argument in hand ſhould breed ſome ſuſpence in the ſpectators; to ſtop which ſcruple, ſays the prologue, let this brief ſuffice;

It is no pampered glutton we preſent,
Nor aged counſellor to youthful ſin.

Every body muſt agree, that Falſtaff's character is here unqueſtionably hinted at; and that there could be no room for ſuch a palliating caution in this prologue, unleſs Oldcaſtle's name had once ſuffered by ſupporting Falſtaff's vices. That the change was made ſome years before this piece appeared on the ſtage, ſeems obvious from one ſpeech of *King Henry* V. in it;

Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falſtaff, that villain, is ſo fat, he cannot get on his horſe; but methinks, Poins and Peto ſhould be ſtirring hereabouts.

Fal. Well, thou haſt called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No. I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have uſed my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo uſed it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent——But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallows ſtanding in England when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobbed as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a King, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No; thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord I'll be a brave judge.

P. Henry. Thou judgeſt falſe already: I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. For obtaining of ſuits?——

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What ſayeſt thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimilies; and art, indeed, the moſt comparative, raſcalliеſt, ſweet young Prince——But, Hal, I pr'ythee trouble me no more with vanity; I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to

be bought: an old Lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I marked him not, and yet he talked very wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

P. Henry. Thou didſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, Hal, God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hall, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damned for never a king's ſon in Chriſtendom.

P. Henry. Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee, from praying to purſe-taking.

(7) *Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal. 'Tis

(7) *Why*, Hal, *'tis my vocation*, Hal. *'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation.*

Enter POINS.

Poins. *Now ſhall we know if* Gadſhill *have ſet a match.*] Mr Pope has given us one ſignal obſervation in the *Preface* to our Author's works. Throughout this play, ſays he, had all the ſpeeches been printed without the very names of the perſons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every ſpeaker. But how fallible the moſt ſufficient critic may be, the paſſage in controverſy is a main inſtance. As ſignal a blunder has eſcaped all the editors here, as any one through the whole ſet of plays. Will any one perſuade me Shakeſpeare could be guilty of ſuch an inconſiſtency, as to make Poins, at his firſt entrance, want news of Gadſhill, and immediately after to be able to give a full account of him?—— No; Falſtaff, ſeeing Poins at hand, turns the ſtream of his diſcourſe from the Prince, and ſays,

no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!--- Now ſhall we know if Gadſhill have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſaved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him!

Enter POINS.

This is the moſt omnipotent villain that ever cried Stand, to a true man.——

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet Hal. What ſays Monſieur Remorſe? what ſays Sir John Sack and Sugar? Jack! how agree the devil and thou about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good Friday laſt, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John ſtands to his word; the devil ſhall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs; *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then thou art damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Elſe he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadſhill; there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I have vizors for you all; you have horſes for yourſelves: Gadſhill lyes to-night in Rocheſter, I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow night in Eaſt-cheap; we may do it as ſecure as ſleep: if you will go, I will

Now ſhall we know whether Gadſhill has ſet a match for us; and then immediately falls into railing and invectives againſt Poins. How admirably is this in character for Falſtaff! And Poins,——who knew well his abuſive manner, ſeems in part to over-hear him; and ſo ſoon as he has returned the Prince's ſalutation, cries, by way of anſwer, What ſays Monſieur Remorſe? What ſays Sir John Sack and Sugar?

ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cameſt not of the blood royal, if thou dareſt not cry ſtand, for ten ſhillings.

P. Henry. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art a King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone; I will lay him down ſuch reaſons for this adventure, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, mayeſt thou have the ſpirit of perſuaſion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou ſpeak'ſt may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true Prince may (for recreation ſake) prove a falſe thief; for the poor abuſes of the time want countenance. Farewel, you ſhall find me in Eaſt-cheap.

K. Henry. Farewel, thou latter ſpring! Farewel, allhollown ſummer! [*Exit* Fal.

Poins. Now, my good ſweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow. I have a jeſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. (8) Falſtaff, Bardolph, Peto, and

(8) Falſtaff, Harvey, Roſſil, *and* Gadſhill *ſhall rob thoſe men we have already way-laid.*] Thus the whole ſtream of edi-

Gadſhill, ſhall rob thoſe men that we have already way-laid; yourſelf and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head off from my ſhoulders.

P. Henry. But how ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poins. Why, we will ſet forth before or after

tions, from the firſt downwards. But thus we have two perſons named as characters in this play, that never were once inſerted among the *Dramatis Perſonæ* in any of the impreſſions whatſoever. But let us ſee who they were that committed this robbery; and then, perhaps, we may be able to account for this pair of additional thieves, as they at preſent ſeem. In the ſecond act, we come to a ſcene of the high-way. Falſtaff, wanting his horſe, which had been hid on purpoſe to plague him, calls out on Hal, Poins, Bardolph and Peto; and ſays he has a great mind to leave theſe rogues. Preſently Gadſhill joins them, with intelligence of travellers being at hand; upon which the Prince ſays —— You four ſhall front 'em in the narrow lane, Ned Poins and I will walk lower. So that the four to be concerned are Falſtaff, Bardolph, Peto and Gadſhill. Accordingly, the robbery is committed; and the Prince and Poins afterwards rob them four. When the matter comes to an examination in the Boar's-Head tavern, the Prince rallies Peto and Bardolph for their running away; who confeſs the charge. Upon the evidence now, is it not plain, that Bardolph and Peto were two of the four robbers? And who then can doubt, but Harvey and Roſſil were the names of the actors that performed thoſe two parts; and by miſtake in the old play books, put inſtead of the names of the characters to be repreſented by them? So, throughout a whole ſcene, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, the names of Kemp and Cowley are printed in the old books, inſtead of the Town-Clerk and Dogberry: as, in another ſcene of the ſame play, Jack Wilſon we find marked to enter inſtead of Balthazar. The like inaccuracies are frequent through Beaumont and Fletcher. It were to be wiſhed, indeed, miſtakes of this ſort had happened throughout our Author's works; for ſo we might have known what particular parts were performed by Shakeſpeare himſelf, and the other eminent actors concerned in the company with him.

them; and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner atchieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Henry. Ay; but 'tis like they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut, our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our vizors we will change after we leave them; and sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lyes the jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee; provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in East-cheap, there I'll sup. Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord. [*Exit* Poins.

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyoked humour of your idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists

Of vapours that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed;
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſify mens hopes;
And like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation, glitt'ring o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill,
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and others.*

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me; for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,
Which hath been ſmooth as oil, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe, my ſovereign Liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſed on it;
And that ſame greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have helped to make ſo portly.

North. My good Lord——

K. Henry. Worceſter, get thee gone; for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory;
And Majeſty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſervant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.
[*Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeak. [*To North.*

North. Yes, my good Lord:
Thoſe priſoners in your Highneſs' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As was delivered to your Majeſty.
Or envy therefore, or miſpriſion,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dreſſed,
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reaped,
Shewed like a ſtubble land at harveſt-home:
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe: and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff.—And ſtill he ſmiled and talked;
And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly unhandſome coarſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtioned me: amongſt the reſt demanded

My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I, then all-smarting with my wounds being cold,
(To be so pestered with a popinjay),
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman, [mark!)
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the
And telling me, the sovereignest thing on earth
Was parmacity for an inward bruise:
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly: and but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.---
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you let not this report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exception,
That we at our own charge shall ransom strait
His brother-in-law the foolish Mortimer;
Who on my soul hath wilfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician damned Glendower;

Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No; on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege, (9)

(9) *He never did fall off, my sov'reign Liege,*
But by the chance of war;] The sense here is very carelessly expressed, if this be the genuine reading; for, in that case, the Poet must mean, he never did fall off, though we by the chance of war have left his service. Mr. Warburton has suspected the text; and therefore I'll subjoin his reasons and emendation. ——— "A very pretty way of apologizing "for Mortimer! The King calls him revolted Mortimer, "and well he might, if he had indeed revolted, though by "the chance of war. Can the chance of war excuse a soldier "for forfeiting his honour? Our military men will scarce "allow it. But in case Hotspur had a mind to insinuate, "that the chance of war was an alleviation to the revolt, "he would not, sure, in common sense have repeated the "epithet in such a manner as to repeat the King's words "with great disdain, ——revolted Mortimer! This would "be execrable stuff, indeed, in the mouth of a soldier, or a "reasoner. I am persuaded therefore the Poet wrote;

He never did fall off, my sovereign Liege,
But *'bides* the chance of war:

"*i. e.* abides by it, endures it. And that, indeed, was a "sufficient proof that he had not fallen off, if he yet endured the rigours of imprisonment. And that this was "truly Hotspur's sentiment, that is, that he had at least a "mind to make the King believe so, hear his own words "afterwards;"

——— suffered his kinsman March,
(Who is, if every owner were right placed,
Indeed, his King;) to be *engag'd* in Wales, &c.

But by the chance of war: to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisped head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor ever could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou belie'st him;
He never did encounter with Glendower:
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not ashamed? but, sirrah, from this hour
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit* K. Henry.

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile;
Here comes your uncle. [awhile.

Enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer?
Yes, I will speak of him, and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop in dust,
But I will lift the downfallen Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the King hath made your nephew mad. [*To* Wor.

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners:
And when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheeks looked pale,
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaimed
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us, God pardon!) did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King

That wished him on the barren mountain ſtarved.
But ſhall it be that you that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake wear the detested blot
Of murd'rous ſubornation; ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo,
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
(O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle king)
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Engaged them both in an unjuſt behalf,
(As both of you, God pardon it! have done:)
To put down Richard, that ſweet lovely roſe,
And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fooled, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſhed honours, and reſtore yourſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again,
Revenge the jeering and diſdained contempt
Of this proud king, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody payments of your deaths:
Therefore, I ſay-----

Wor. Peace, couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous:
As full of peril and adventrous ſpirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſink or ſwim:
Send danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So honour croſs it from the north to ſouth;
And let them grapple.------O! the blood more ſtirs
To rouze a lion, than to ſtart a hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heav'n, methinks it were an eaſy leap (10)
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honours by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrival all her dignities.
But out upon this half-faced fellowſhip!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
Good couſin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots,
That are your priſoners------

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By Heav'n, he ſhall not have a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not:
I'll keep them by this hand.

(10) *By Heaven, methinks it were an eaſy leap*
To pluck bright honour, &c.] This bold rhodomontado of Hotſpur, however, by the mouthing of an actor, it may be always crowned with applauſe, I find, and not without ſome juſtice, was carped at and ridiculed in our Author's time. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the burning Peſtle*, (the *Rehearſal* of thoſe days,) a grocer's wife brings her 'prentice Ralph to the playhouſe to act a part; and encouraging him to exert, ſays, Hold up thy head, Ralph; ſhew the gentlemen what thou canſt do: ſpeak a huffing part; I warrant you the gentlemen will accept of it. And then Ralph repeats this whole ſpeech of Hotſpur.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes;
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.
Hot. I will; that's flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſom Mortimer:
Forbade my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer:
But I will find him when he lyes aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla Mortimer!
Nay, I will have a ſtarling taught to ſpeak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Hear you, couſin; a word.
Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that ſame ſword-and-buckler Prince of Wales
(But that, I think, his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance)
I'd have him poiſoned with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewel, my kinſman; I will talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
North. Why, what a waſp-tongued and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?
Hot. Why, look you, I am whip'd and ſcourged with rods,
Nettled and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time——what do ye call the place?——
A plague upon't!——It is in Glo'ſterſhire——
'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his uncle kept——
His uncle York——where I firſt bowed my knee
Unto this King of ſmiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenſpurg.
North. At Barkley caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why, what a deal of candied courteſy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his "infant fortune came to age,"----
And "gentle Harry Percy"---and "kind couſin"---
The devil take ſuch cozeners---God forgive me!---
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to 't again.
We'll ſtay your leiſure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to our Scottiſh priſoners.
[*To* Hotſpur.
Deliver them without their ranſom ſtrait,
And make the Douglas' ſon your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reaſons (11)
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſured
Will eaſily be granted.---You, my Lord, [*To* North.
Your ſon in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well beloved,
The Archbiſhop.

(11) ——*which for divers reaſons*
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſured
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord,
Your ſon in Scotland *being thus employed*,
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble prelate, &c.] I have changed the pointing of this paſſage by the direction of Dr Thirlby; and certainly with juſt reaſon. Worceſter is here planning out a conſpiracy to his nephew and brother. But Worceſter never calls his nephew *my Lord*: nor was Hotſpur intended to be the perſon to ſtir up the Archbiſhop. Do you, (ſays he to Hotſpur) deliver up your priſoners; releaſe Douglas ranſomleſs, and employ him to raiſe a force for you in Scotland, which will be granted; and you, my Lord, (ſays he to Northumberland) while your ſon is ſo employed, ſhall go and work upon the Archbiſhop of York to riſe and aſſiſt you. Conſonant to this, the King, at the end of this play, ſends his ſon John with an army towards York,

To meet Northumberland and prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms.

Hot. York, is't not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at Briſtol, the Lord Scroop.
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I think might be; but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted and ſet down;
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: on my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill letteſt [ſlip.
Hot. It cannot chuſe but be a noble plot; [ſlip.
And then the power of Scotland and of York
To join with Mortimer; ha!-------
Wor. So they ſhall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed
To ſave our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, bear ourſelves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our debt;
And think we deem ourſelves unſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.
Hot. He does, he does; we'll be revenged on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewel. No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe.
When time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly,
I'll ſteal to Glendower, and Lord Mortimer,
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
(As I will faſhion it) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
North. Farewel, good brother; we ſhall thrive,
I truſt.
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the hours be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *an Inn at* Rochester.

Enter a Carrier, *with a Lanthorn in his Hand.*

1 CARRIER.

HEIGH-ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged. Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. What, Ostler?

Ost. [*within*]. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin Ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joyed since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the most villainous house in all London roads for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by th' mass, there's ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lye breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, Ostler, come away, and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, (2) and

(2) *And two races of ginger*] As our Author, in several passages, mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to dis-

two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-croſs.

1 *Car.* 'Odſbody, the turkies in my panniers are quite ſtarved. What, oſtler? a plague on thee! haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter GADS-HILL.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lanthorn, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canſt tell? lend me thy lanthorn, quoth-a! marry, I'll ſee thee hanged firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Car.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, Chamberlain!——

Chamb. At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gads. That's even as fair as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain; for thou variеſt no more from pick-

---

tinguiſh it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former ſignifies no more than a ſingle root of it, from the Italian term *radice*; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *baſe* of it. Two roots of this ſpice, 'tis obvious, would hardly have been ſent from Rocheſter to London by the carrier.

ing of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

Chamb. Good-morrow, maſter Gads-hill; it holds current, that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred merks with him in gold; I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what: they are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with St Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worſhippeſt St Nicholas as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gads What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows. For if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and, thou knoweſt, he's no ſtarveling. Tut, there are other Trojans that thou dreameſt not of, the which, for ſport-ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be looked into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-ſtaff-ſix-penny-ſtrikers, none of thoſe mad muſtachio-purple-hued-malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity; (13) burgomaſters, and great mo-

(13) *Burgomaſters, and great* one-eyers:] Perhaps oneraires truſtees or commiſſioners, ſays Mr Pope. But how this word comes to admit of any ſuch conſtruction, I am at a loſs to know. The word is apparently of French termination; and muſt have its derivation from *onus* of the *Latins*: accordingly the French ſay *Nefs oneraires*, ſhips of burden; and ſo *un agent oneraire* is ſuch an agent *qui a le ſoin et la charge d'une choſe, dont un autre a l'honneur.* So that this expoſition does not at all ſort with the character intended by our Au-

moneyers; ſuch as can hold in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than drink; and drink ſooner than pray: and yet I lie, for they pray continually unto their ſaint the commonwealth; or rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Chamb. What, the commonwealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquored her. We ſteal, as in a caſtle, cock-ſure; we have the receipt of fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

Chamb. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night than the fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe, as I am a true man.

Chamb. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gads. Go to,---Homo is a common name to all men. Bid the oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable. Farewel, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the High-way.*

Enter Prince HENRY, POINS, *and* PETO.

Poins. Come, ſhelter, ſhelter; I have removed

thor. To Mr Pope's ſecond conjecture, of cunning men that look ſharp and aim well, I have nothing to reply ſeriouſly, but chuſe to drop it. I formerly ſuſpected that we ſhould read *feigniors*; but I retract it as a bad conjecture. The reading which I have now ſubſtituted, I owe to the friendſhip of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge, Eſq; A *Moneyer*, is an officer of the mint, which makes coin and delivers out the King's money. Moneyers are alſo taken for bankers, or thoſe that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of theſe acceptations will admirably ſquare with our Author's context.

Falſtaff's horſe, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Henry. Stand cloſe.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins, Poins, and be hanged, Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed raſcal, what a brawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!-------

P. Henry. He is walked up to the top of the hill, I'll go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath removed my horſe, and tied him, I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the ſquare farther afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be elſe; I have drunk medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both. Bardolph! Peto! I'll ſtarve ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chewed with a teeth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another. [*They whiſtle*] Whew!---- a plague upon you all. Give me my horſe; you rogues, give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat guts, ly down, lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any leavers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horſe, good king's ſon.

P. Henry. Out, you rogue! ſhall I be your oſtler?

Fal. Go, hang thyſelf in thy own heir-apparent garters; if I be taken, I'll peach for this; an I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon; when a jeſt is ſo forward, and a-foot too! I hate it.

Enter GADS-HILL *and* BARDOLPH.

Gads. Stand,——

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our ſetter, I know his voice: Bardolph, what news?

Bard. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your viſors; there's money of the King's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue, 'tis going to the King's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four ſhall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Henry. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt your grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Henry. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, Jack, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedge; when thou needeſt him, there ſhalt thou find him; farewel, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hanged.

P. Henry. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here, hard by: ſtand cloſe.

Fal. Now, my maſters, happy man be his doſe, ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead our horſes down the hill: we'll walk a-foot a while, and eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand, -------

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the villains throats; ah! whoreſon caterpillars; bacon-fed knaves; they hate us youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your ſtore were here. On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men muſt live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Here they rob and bind them: Exeunt.*

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men: now could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for

a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day; an the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild-duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are ſharing, the Prince and* Poins *ſet upon them. They all run away, and* Falſtaff, *after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

P. Henry. Got with much eaſe. Now, merrily to horſe:

The thieves are ſcattered, and poſſeſs'd with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Now Falſtaff ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.
Were't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lord* Percy' *Houſe.*

Enter HOTSPUR *ſolus, reading a Letter.*

"But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be "well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love "I bear your houſe." He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? "in reſpect of the "love he bears our houſe!" he ſhews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. "The purpoſe you under-

" take is dangerous." Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink: but I tell you, my Lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, ſafety. " The purpoſe you " undertake is dangerous, the friends you have " named uncertain, the time itſelf unſorted, and " your whole plot too light for the counterpoize " of ſo great an oppoſition." Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of York commends the plot, and the general courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with his Lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myſelf, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not beſides, the Douglas? have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a pagan raſcal is this? an infidel. Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimmed milk with ſo honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will ſet forward to-night.

Enter Lady PERCY.

How now, Kate! I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I this fortnight been
A baniſhed woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, ſweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often, when thou ſitteſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks?
And given my treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curſed melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;
Cry, courage! to the field! and thou haſt talked
Of ſallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, frontiers, parapets;
Of baſiliſks, of canon, culverin,
Of priſoners ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtirred thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appeared,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents are
theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it; elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my Lord, an hour agone.

Hot. Hath Butler brought thoſe horſes from the ſheriff?

Serv. One horſe, my Lord, he brought ev'n now.

Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my Lord.
Hot. That roan ſhall be my throne.
Well, I will back him ſtrait. O Eſperance!
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.
Lady. But hear you, my Lord.
Hot. What ſayeſt thou, my Lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe.
Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape! A weazel hath not
Such a deal of ſpleen as you are toſs'd with.
In faith, I'll know your buſineſs, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth ſtir
About his title, and hath ſent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go——
Hot. ——So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion I ſhall aſk.
I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. Away, away, you trifler:—love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt have bloody noſes and cracked crowns,
And paſs them current too—gods me! my horſe.
What ſayeſt thou, Kate? what wouldſt thou have with me?
Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you love me not,
I will not love myſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt or no?
Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am o'horſeback, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,

Whither I go; nor reaſon, where about.
Whither I muſt I muſt; and to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe
Than Harry Percy's wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman: and for ſecrecy,
No lady cloſer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;
And ſo far will I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How, ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Boar's Head *Tavern in* Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, And lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or fourſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers, and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their conſcience, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of courteſy; telling me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falſtaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy: (by the Lord, ſo they call me;) and when I am King of England, I ſhall command all the good lads in Eaſt-cheap. They call drinking deep, dying ſcar-

let; (14) and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem! and bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou haſt loſt much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action; but ſweet Ned——(to ſweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny-worth of ſugar, clapt even now into my hand by an under-ſkinker, one that never ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than "eight ſhillings and ſix-"pence," and "you are welcome, Sir:" with this ſhrill addition, "Anon, anon, Sir; ſcore a pint of "baſtard in the half moon," or ſo.) But Ned, to drive away the time till Falſtaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou ſtand in ſome bye-room, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the ſugar; and do thou never leave calling Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but, anon. Step aſide, and I'll ſhew thee a precedent. [Poins *retires*.

Poins. Francis,——

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis,-----

Enter FRANCIS *the Drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir: look down into the pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My Lord?

(14) *And when you* breathe *in your watering*, &c.] This decent way of expreſſing an indecency puts me in mind of the ſame decorum among the Greeks, which is quoted three times by Suidas, and which exactly comes up to this phraſe quoted by our Author. Ἀποφορεῖν, τὸ πίρδεσθαι, εὐσχημόνως λέγων· εὐσχημονέστερον δὲ διαπτύειν ἢ ἀποπτύειν.——Ἀποφορεῖν· *Sic honeſte pedere vocatur: honeſtius vero eſt* διαπτύειν, *et* ἀποπτύειν.

P. Henry. How long haſt thou to ſerve, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth, five years, and as much as to ——

Poins. Francis,-----

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years; by'r lady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart---

Poins. Francis,-----

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhall be----

Poins. Francis,---

Fran. Anon, Sir; pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis, for the ſugar thou gaveſt me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound; aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis,-----

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henny. Anon, Francis? no, Francis, but to-morrow, Francis; or Francis, on Thurſday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,----

Fran. My Lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, cryſtal-button, knot-pated, agat-ring, puke-ſtocking, caddice-garter, ſmooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch.

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown baſtard is your only drink; for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will ſully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis,-----

P. Henry. Away, you rogue, doſt thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call; the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtandeſt thou ſtill and heareſt ſuch a calling? look to the gueſts within. My Lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: ſhall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. Poins,----- [*Exit* Vintner.

Enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falſtaff and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye, what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have ſhewed themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the ſon of a woman!--His induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of

Percy's mind, the Hotſpur of the north; he that kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of Scots at a breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſays to his wife, fy upon this quiet life! I want work. O my ſweet Harry, ſays ſhe, how many haſt thou killed to-day? Give my roan horſe a drench, ſays he, and anſwers, ſome fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle. I pr'ythee, call in Falſtaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn ſhall play dame Mortimer his wife. Rivo, ſays the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH *and* PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack; where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! give me a cup of ſack, boy—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter? (15) pitiful-hearted butter, that melted

(15)—*pitiful-hearted* Titan *that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſun?*] This abſurd reading poſſeſſes all the copies in general; and though it has paſſed through ſuch a number of impreſſions, is nonſenſe, which we may pronounce to have ariſen at firſt from the inadvertence either of tranſcribers, or the compoſitors at preſs. 'Tis well known, *Titan* is one of the poetical names of the ſun; but we have no authority from fable for Titan's melting away at his own ſweet tale, as Narciſſus did at the reflexion of his own ſweet form. The Poet's meaning was certainly this: Falſtaff enters in a great heat, after having been robbed by the Prince and Poins in diſguiſe: and the Prince ſeeing him in ſuch a ſweat, makes the following ſimile upon him: "Do but "look upon that compound of greaſe;——his fat drips a-"way with the violence of his motion, juſt as butter does "with the heat of the ſun-beams darting full upon it." I corrected the paſſage in the appendix to my Shakeſpeare

at the ſweet tale of the ſun! if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villainous coward——Go thy ways, old Jack, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring; there live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while! a bad world, I ſay. (16) I would I were a weaver: I could ſing pſalms, and all manner of ſongs. A plague of all cowards, I ſay ſtill!

P. Henry. How now, Woolſack, what mutter you?

Reſtored; and Mr Pope, in his laſt edition, has been ſo gracious to ſay at the bottom of his page; "or rather, *butter* "*that melted*," &c.

(16) *I would I were a* weaver; *I could ſing* pſalms, &c.] This is plainly a ſling at the puritanical ſectaries of our Author's time. And I have obſerved this, that when the men of wit of his age, and ſince, would characterize an ignorant ſanctified zealot, they have generally made him a weaver by profeſſion; which ſhews that that ſpirit was moſt remarkable among thoſe mechanics: and, I believe, I can account for its ſo happening. It is very well known, that when Philip the Second was for ſtifling the birth of the Reformation in Flanders and the Low Countries by an inquiſitional reſtraint, many of the inhabitants forſook their country, and ſought refuge amongſt their neighbours. Thoſe, who came into England, brought over with them the woollen manufactory, and the principles of Calvin: and at the ſame time taught us to weave cloth, and ravel out the contexture of church-government. So that *puritaniſm* (a word which then took its riſe) and *weaving* were generally profeſſed by one and the ſame artiſt. Their love for pſalmody was what then did, and ſtill does, diſtinguiſh the diſciples of John Calvin. Mr *Warburton.*

Fal. A King's ſon? if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a flock of wild-geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whoreſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that, and Poins there?

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee damned ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me---Give me a cup of ſack; I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are ſcarce wiped ſince thou drunkeſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague of all cowards, ſtill, ſay I!

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcaped by miracle: I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hacked like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I never dealt better ſince I was

a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! ——Let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains and the ſons of darkneſs.

P. Henry. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gadſ. We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Fal. Sixteen at leaſt, my Lord.

Gadſ. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew elſe, an Ebrew Jew.

Gadſ. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us.

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray Heaven you have not murdered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have peppered two of them; two, I am ſure, I have payed, two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lye, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou knoweſt my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point; four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly

thrust at me; I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven? why there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of these eleven I payed.

P. Henry. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.)

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson obscene greasy tallow-catch——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? no; were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on compulſion! if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back breaker, this huge hill of fleſh——

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin, you dried neat's tongue, bull's pizzel, you ſtock-fiſh: O for breath to utter! what is like to thee? You tailor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck,——

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tired thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two ſaw you four ſet on four; you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And, Falſtaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and ſtill ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight!——What trick? what device? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſters; was it for me

to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware inſtinct, the lion will not touch the true Prince: inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct: I ſhall think the better of myſelf, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! what, ſhall we be merry? Shall we have a play *extempore*?

P. Henry. Content;---and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!------no more of that, Hal, if thou loveſt me.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Jeſu! my Lord the Prince!

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hoſteſs, what ſayeſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my Lord, there is a Nobleman of the court at door would ſpeak with you; he ſays he comes from your father.

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? ſhall I give him his anſwer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. Now, Sirs, by'r lady you fought fair; ſo did you, Peto; ſo did you, Bardolph: you are

that ſpirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comeſt to thy father: if thou do love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. Henry. Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chair ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſceptre, and this cuſhion my crown.

P. Henry. Thy ſtate is taken for a joint ſtool, thy golden ſceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved——Give me a cup of ſack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, (17) and I will do it in King Cambyſes' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech--Stand aſide, nobility--

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. "Weep not, ſweet Queen, for trickling tears
"are vain."

(17) *——and I will do it in King* Cambyſes' *vein.*] The banter here is upon a play written in old-faſhioned metre, called, *A lamentable Tragedy, mixed full of pleaſant mirth, containing the life of* Cambyſes *King of* Perſia, &c. If the whole were writ in that meaſure with the ſpecimen given us by Mr Langbaine in his *Account of the Dramatic Poets*; it is in *eight* and *ſix*, as Quince calls it in *Midſummer Night's Dream*. This was the verſification chiefly in vogue in the 14th and 15th centuries: and moſt of the plays of that date, in black letter, are in that meaſure.

Hoſt. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. "For God's ſake, Lords, convey my triſtful
"Queen,
"For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes."

Hoſt. O rare! he doth it as like one of thoſe harlotry players, as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.——Harry, I do not only marvel where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my ſon; I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lyeth the point; why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed ſun of Heaven prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a queſtion not to be aſked. Shall the ſon of England prove a thief, and take purſes? a queſtion to be aſked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch. This pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for, Harry, now do I not ſpeak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo. And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your Majeſty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a chearful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage; and, as I think, his age ſome fifty,

or, by'r lady, inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember me, his name is Falſtaff. If that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceives me; for, Harry, I ſee virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is virtue in that Falſtaff; him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

P. Henry. Doſt thou ſpeak like a King? Do thou ſtand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me?—If thou doſt it half ſo gravely, ſo majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbet-ſucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand. Judge, my maſters.

P. Henry. Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from Eaſt-cheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my Lord, they are falſe.—Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Sweareſt thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carried away from grace; there's a devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, that ſtuffed cloakbag of guts, that roaſted Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it?

wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in myſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old, the more's the pity, his white hairs do witneſs it; but that he is, (ſaving your reverence), a whoremaſter, that I utterly deny. If ſack and ſugar be a fault, God help the wicked: if to be old and merry be a ſin, then many an old hoſt, that I know, is damned: if to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharoah's lean kin are to be loved. No, my good Lord, baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardolph, baniſh Poins; but for ſweet Jack Falſtaff, kind Jack Falſtaff, true Jack Falſtaff, valiant Jack Falſtaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falſtaff, baniſh not him thy Harry's company: baniſh plump Jack, and baniſh all the worſd.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[*Knocking; and* Hoſteſs *goes out.*

Enter BARDOLPH *running.*

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a moſt monſtrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to ſay in the behalf of that Falſtaff.

Re-enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal Heigh, heigh, the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick: what's the matter?

Hoſt. The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe: ſhall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your *major.* If you will deny the Sheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague of my bringing up; I hope I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter as another.

P. Henry. Go, hide thee behind the arras; the reſt walk above. Now, my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt* Falſtaff, Bardolph, *&c.*

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.——

Enter Sheriff *and* Carrier.

Now, maſter Sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry
Hath followed certain men into this houſe.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord,
A groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. The man, I do aſſure you, is not here,
For I myſelf at this time have employed him;
And, Sheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charged withal:
And so let me intreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be so; if he have robbed these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewel.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good-morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two o'clock.
[*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's; go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff?——fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Henry. Hark how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*He searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a capon, 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sawce, 4 *d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5*s.* 8 *d.*
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack? What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot, and, I know, his death will be a march of twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good-morrow, Peto.

Peto. Good-morrow, good my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Archdeacon of* Bangor's *House in* Wales.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, *Lord* MORTIMER, *and* OWEN GLENDOWER.

MORTIMER.

THESE promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and Couſin Glendower,
Will you ſit down?
And, uncle Worceſter—A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, couſin Percy, ſit, good couſin Hotſpur:
For by that name, as oft as Lancaſter
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with
A riſing ſigh he wiſheth you in Heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glend. I blame him not; at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets; know, that at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hot. So it would have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had kittened, though yourſelf had ne'er been born.

Glend. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hot. I ſay, the earth then was not of my mind;
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook. [tremble.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did

Hot. O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heavens
And not in fear of your nativity. [on fire,
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinched and vexed,
By the impriſonment of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
High towers and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your
Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature, [birth,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:
Theſe ſigns have marked me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scot-
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me? [land,
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man ſpeaks better Welſh.
I'll to dinner——

Mort. Peace, couſin Percy; you will make him
Glend. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep. [mad.

Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and ſhame the devil.*—

If thou hast power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell truth and shame the devil.

Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat. [head.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made
Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottomed Severn, have I sent
Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name? [too?

Glend. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our
According to our threefold order ta'en? [right,

Mort. The Archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assigned:
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:
Within that space, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords:
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,

Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me crankling in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place dammed up:
And here the ſmug and ſilver Trent ſhall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.
Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee it doth.
Mort. But mark, he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding th' oppoſed continent as much
As on the other ſide it takes from you.
Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north ſide win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtrait and even.
Hot. I'll have it ſo, a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it altered.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not underſtand you then,
Speak it in Welſh.
Glend. I can ſpeak Engliſh, Lord, as well as you,
For I was trained up in the Engliſh court:
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an Engliſh ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never ſeen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of theſe ſame metre-ballad mongers;

I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forced gait of a ſhuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you ſhall have Trent turned.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?

Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:
(I'll haſte the writer) and withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad;
So much ſhe doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

Mort. Fy, couſin Percy, how you croſs my father?

Hot. I cannot chuſe; ſometime he angers me,
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
A clipt-wing griffin, and a moulting raven;
A couching lion, and a ramping cat;
And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me the laſt night at leaſt nine hours,
In reck'ning up the ſeveral devils names,
That were his lacqueys: I cried hum, and well,
But marked him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As a tired horſe, or as a railing wife:
Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I'd rather live
With cheeſe and garlic, in a windmill, far;
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read and profited

In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a lion;
And wond'rous affable; as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof.
But do not uſe it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful-blame,
And ſince your coming here have done enough
To put him quite beſides his patience:
You muſt needs learn, Lord, to amend this fault;
Tho' ſometimes it ſhews greatneſs, courage, blood,
(And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;)
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchooled: good manners be your ſpeed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter GLENDOWER *with the Ladies.*

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeak no Engliſh, I no Welſh.

Glend. My daughter weeps, ſhe will not part with you,
She'll be a ſoldier too, ſhe'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her ſhe and my aunt
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily. [Percy

[Glendower *ſpeaks to her in* Welſh, *and ſhe anſwers him in the ſame.*

Glend. She's desperate here: a peevish self-willed harlotry,
That no persuasion can do good upon.
[*The Lady speaks in* Welsh.
Mort. I understand thy looks; that pretty Welsh,
Which thou pourest down from those two swelling heavens,
I am too perfect in: and but for shame,
In such a parly should I answer thee.
[*The Lady again in* Welsh.
I understand thy kisses and thou mine, (18)
And that's a feeling disputation:
But I will never be a truant, Love,
Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,
Sung by a fair Queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.
[*The Lady speaks again in* Welsh.
Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.
Glend. She bids you,
All on the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eye-lids crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;

(18) *I understand thy kisses and thou mine,*
And that's a feeble *disputation:*] Thus both Mr Rowe and Mr Pope in their editions; but they have much enfeebled what Mortimer meant to say, in this aukward epithet. This is not talking like a fond bridegroom in the honey-moon as, 'tis evident, Mortimer is. I have restored the reading of the old copies, which I am confident is the true one. What Mortimer would say to his young wife, is this: "Though I don't understand your Welsh, I understand the "tenderness of your kisses: I feel the force of their argu-"ment, and moving rhetoric, &c.

Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the East.

Mort. With all my heart. I'll sit and hear her sing;
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;
Yet straight they shall be here; sit and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy goose. [*The Music plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh, and 'tis no marvel he is so humorous: by'rlady, he's a good musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humours: ly still, ye thief, and hear the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady my brach howl in Irish.

Lady. Wouldest have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither, 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh Lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace, she sings.

[*Here the Lady sings a* Welsh *song.*

Come, I'll have your song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife: not you, *in good sooth*; and *as true as I live*; and, *as God shall mend me*; and,

as sure as day: and giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou never walkedſt further than Finſbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leave *inſooth*,
And ſuch protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, ſing.

Lady. I will not ſing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be Robin-red-breaſt teacher: if the indentures be drawn, I'll away within theſe two hours: and ſo come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Chest. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as ſlow,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn: we will but ſeal,
And then to horſe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Preſence Chamber in* Windſor.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince of* Wales, *Lords and others.*

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Muſt have ſome private conference: but be near,
For we ſhall preſently have need of you. —
[*Exeunt* Lords.
I know not whether God will have it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done;
That in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He breeds revengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in thy paſſages of life
Make me believe, that thou art only marked
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,

Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matched withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well, as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg;
As in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,
By smiling pick-thanks, and base news-mongers,
I may for some things true (wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandered, and irregular)
Find pardon, on my true submission.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee; yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruined, and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,

But like a comet I was wondered at:
That men would tell their children, this is he:
Others would say, where? which is Bolingbroke?
And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keep my person fresh and new,
My presence like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wondered at; and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by rareness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt; carded his state,
Mingled his royalty with carping fools,
Had his great name profaned with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gybing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless, vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity:
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taste of sweetness; whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but, as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze;
Such as is bent on sun-like Majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowsed, and hung their eye-lids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspect

As cloudy men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation. Not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious Lord,
Be more myself.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art at this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession.
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient Lords and reverend Bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep Defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.

And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
Th' Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas and
Capitulate against us, and are up. [Mortimer,
But wherefore do I tell this news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my nearest and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay;
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so:
And Heaven forgive them that so much have swayed
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my Lord,
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf:
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

This, in the name of Heaven, I promise here
The which if I perform and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance.
If not, the end of life cancels all bonds;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.

Blunt. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word
That Douglas and the English rebels met
Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offered foul play in a state.

K. Henry. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward;
On Thursday, we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is at Bridgenorth; and, Harry, you shall march
Through Glostershire; by which, some twelve days
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away,
Advantage feeds them fat, while we delay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Boar's-head Tavern in* East-cheap.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am not I fallen away vilely

ſince this laſt action? do I not hate? do I not dwindle? why, my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown: I am withered, like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. Am I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horſe: the inſide of a church! company, villainous company hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, ſing me a bawdy-ſong, to make me merry: I was as virtuouſly given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; ſwore little; diced not above ſeven times a week; went to a bawdy-houſe not above once in a quarter of an hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compaſs; and now I live out of all order, out of all compaſs.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir John, that you muſt needs be out of all compaſs, out of all reaſonable compaſs, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop, but 'tis in the noſe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be ſworn; I make as good uſe of it, as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*. I never ſee thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. ——If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would ſwear by thy face; my oath ſhould be, *by this fire*; but thou art altogether given over; and wert in-

deed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ranſt up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horſe, if I did not think thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlaſting bonfire light; thou haſt ſaved me a thouſand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the ſack that thou haſt drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the deareſt chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that ſalamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen, have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Hoſt. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? do you think I keep thieves in my houſe? I have ſearched, I have inquired, ſo has my huſband, man by man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant: the tithe of a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, hoſteſs; Bardolph was ſhaved, and loſt many a hair, and I'll be ſworn, my pocket was picked; go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſt. Who, I? I defy thee; I was never called ſo in mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John; I know you, Sir John; you owe me mo-

ney, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Host. He? alas! he is poor, and has nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: what call you rich? let him coin his nose, let him coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog if he would say so.

Enter Prince HENRY, *marching, and* PETO, *playing on a Truncheon like a Fife:* FALSTAFF *meets them.*

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My Lord, I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What sayest thou, Mrs Quickly? how does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my Lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Henry. What ſayeſt thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell aſleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this houſe is turned bawdy-houſe; they pick pockets.

P. Henry. What didſt thou loſe, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pounds a-piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid I heard your Grace ſay ſo; and, my Lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and ſaid he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman hood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtewed prune; no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it: I am an honeſt man's wife; and ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why, an otter.

P. Henry. An otter, Sir John, why an otter?

Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh: a man knows not where to have her.

Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo:

thou, or any man, knows where to have me; thou knave, thou!

P. Henry. Thou sayest true, hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other day, you owed him a thousand pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million; thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my Lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you did so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis copper. Dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare; but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be feared as the lion; dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, let my girdle break!

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! but, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! why, thou whoreson, impudent, imboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? thou knoweſt, in the ſtate of innocency, Adam fell: and what ſhould poor Jack Falſtaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou ſeeſt I have more fleſh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſs then you picked my pocket?

P. Henry. It appears ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſs, I forgive thee: go make ready breakfaſt; love thy huſband, look to thy ſervants, and cheriſh thy gueſts: thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am pacified ſtill. Nay, I pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hoſteſs.* Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,——how is that anſwered?

P. Henry. O my ſweet beef, I muſt ſtill be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

P. Henry. I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with unwaſhed hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horſe. Where ſhall I find one that can ſteal well? O, for a fine thief, of two and twenty, or thereabout. I am heinouſly unprovided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praiſe them.

P. Henry. Bardolph,——

Bard. My Lord?

P. Henry. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaſter, to my brother John. This to my Lord of Weſtmorland; go, Peto, to horſe; for thou and

I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-Hall at two o'clock in the afternoon; there ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receive money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy ſtands on high,
And either they or we muſt lower ly. [faſt, come:
Fal. Rare words! brave world! hoſteſs, my break-
Oh, I could wiſh this tavern were my drum. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to* Shrewſbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER *and* DOUGLAS.

HOTSPUR.

WELL ſaid, my noble Scot; if ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo gen'ral current through the world.
By Heaven I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of ſoothers: but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourſelf.
Nay, taſk me to my word; approve me, Lord.

Dou. Thou art the King of honour;
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do, and 'tis well--What letters haſt thou there?
I can but thank you.

Meſſ. Theſe come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelf?

Meſſ. He cannot come, my Lord, he's grievous ſick.

Hot. Heav'ns! how has he the leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? Who leads his power?
Under whoſe government come they along?
Meſſ. His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.
Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, four days ere I ſet forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feared by his phyſicians. [whole,
Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt been
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.
Hot. Sick now? droop now? this ſickneſs doth
The very life-blood of our enterprize; [infect
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs——
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoon be drawn; nor thought he meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
On any ſoul removed, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpoſed to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainly poſſeſs'd
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a main to us.
Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lop'd off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it. Were it good
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein ſhould we read
The very bottom, and the ſoul of Hope,
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.

Dou. Faith and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion.
We now may boldly ſpend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and miſchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no diviſion: it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and mere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe;
For you well know, we of th' offending ſide
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of Reaſon may pry in upon us:
This abſence of your father draws a curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before never dream'd upon.

Hot. You ſtrain too far.
I rather of his abſence make this uſe:
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the Earl were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his help can make a head
To puſh againſt the kingdom, with his help
We ſhall o'erturn it topſy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dou. As heart can think. There is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My couſin Vernon, welcome, by my ſoul!
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earl of Weſtmorland, ſev'n thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither, with Prince John of Lancaſter.
Hot. No harm; what's more?
Ver. And further, I have learned,
The King himſelf in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too. Where is his ſon,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comerades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſs?
Ver. All furniſhed, all in arms,
All plumed like eſtridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles, having lately bathed:
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſun at Midſummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I ſaw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Riſe from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds
To turn and wind a fiery Pegaſus,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the ſun in March
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues. Let them come.
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of ſmoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.

The mailed Mars ſhall on his altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Againſt the boſom of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to Harry ſhall (not horſe to horſe)
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a coarſe.
Oh that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Dou. That's the worſt tidings that I heard of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The pow'r of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dou. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a public Road near* Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry: fill me a bottle of ſack. Our ſoldiers ſhall march through; we'll to Sutton-cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, Captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coin-

age. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, Captain; farewel. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I be not aſhamed of my ſoldiers, I am a ſouced gurnet: I have miſuſed the King's preſs damnably. I have got in exchange of an hundred and fifty ſoldiers three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſeholders, yeomens ſons; enquire me out contracted batchelors, ſuch as had been aſked twice on the banns: ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a culverin worſe than a ſtruck-fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I preſs me none but ſuch toaſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads, and they have bought out their ſervices. And now my whole charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his ſores; and ſuch as indeed were never ſoldiers, but diſcarded unjuſt ſervingmen, younger ſons to younger brothers; revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; (19) ten times more

(19)——*ten times more diſhonourably ragged than an old-faced ancient.*] Shakeſpeare uſes this word ſo promiſcuouſly, to ſignify an enſign or ſtandard-bearer, and alſo the colours or ſtandard borne, that I cannot be at a certainty for his alluſion here. If the text be genuine, I think the meaning muſt be;—as diſhonourably ragged as one that has been an enſign all his days; that has let age creep upon him, and never had merit enough to gain preferment. Mr Warburton, who underſtands it in the ſecond conſtruction, has ſuſpected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation.—— "How is an old-faced ancient, or enſign, diſ- "honourably ragged? on the contrary, nothing is eſteemed "more honourable than a ragged pair of colours. A very "little alteration will reſtore it to its original ſenſe, which

diſhonourably ragged than an old-faced ancient; and ſuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices, that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſſed the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſcarecrows: I'll not march thro' Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwix the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the moſt of them out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half in all my company; and the half ſhirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolen from my hoſt of St Albans, or the red-nos'd innkeeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* WESTMORLAND.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? how now, mad wag, what a devil doſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good Lord of

" contains a touch of the ſtrongeſt and moſt fine-turned
" ſatire in the world;
—— Ten times more diſhonourably ragged, than an old *feaſt* ancient:
" *i. e.* the colours uſed by the city-companies in their feaſts
" and proceſſions. For each company had one with its pe-
" culiar device, which was uſually diſplayed and bore a-
" bout on ſuch occaſions. Now nothing could be more
" witty or ſatirical than this compariſon. For as Falſtaff's
" raggamuffins were reduced to their tattered condition
" through their riotous exceſſes; ſo this old feaſt ancient
" became torn and ſhattered not in any manly exerciſe of
" arms, but amidſt the revels of drunken bacchanals."

Weſtmorland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewſbury.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a cat to ſteal cream.

P. Henry. I think to ſteal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſs: food for powder, food for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better; tuſh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

Weſt. Ay, but Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſs, I am ſure they never learned that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be ſworn, unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But, ſirrah, make haſte. Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the King encamped?

Weſt. He is, Sir John: I fear we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,

The latter-end of a fray, and beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Shrewſbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, *and* VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dou. You give him then advantage.
Ver. Not a whit.
Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. He is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good couſin, be adviſed; ſtir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my Lord.
Dou. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and from cold heart.
Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas: by my life,
And I dare well maintain it with my life,
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that lives.
Let it be ſeen to-morrow in the battle,
Which of us fears.
Dou. Yea or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, ſay I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be: I wonder much,
Being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition; certain horſe
Of my couſin Vernon's are not yet come up;
Your uncle Worceſter's horſe came but to-day,
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half half of himſelf.
Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.
Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, couſin, ſtay till all come in.

[*The trumpet ſounds a parley.*

Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.

Blun. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of us love you well; and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.

Blunt. And Heaven defend but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed Majeſty.
But to my charge---The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs, and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil Peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs; and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt,
And pardon abſolute for yourſelf, and theſe
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind; and well we know the King
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father and my uncle, and myſelf,
Did give him that ſame royalty he wears;
And when he was not ſix and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law, ſneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his livery and beg his peace,

With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and performed it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
They, more and less, came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths;
Gave him their heirs, as pages following him
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg:
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth;
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites that the absent King,
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

Blunt. I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.——
In short time after he deposed the King,
Soon after that deprived him of his life;
And in the neck of that, tasked the whole state.
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March,
(Who is, if every owner were right placed,
Indeed his King) to be engaged in Wales,
There without ransom to ly forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories,

Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my uncle from the council-board,
In rage diſmiſſed my father from the court,
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion drove us to ſeek out
This head of ſafety; and withal to pry
Into his title too, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the King?

Hot. Not ſo, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw a while:
Go to the King, and let there be impawned
Some ſurety for a ſafe return again;
And in the morning early ſhall my uncle
Bring him our purpoſes: and ſo farewel.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love!

Hot. It may be ſo we ſhall.

Blunt. Pray Heaven you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Archbiſhop of* York's *Palace.*

Enter the Archbiſhop of YORK, *and Sir* MICHELL.

York. Hie, good Sir Michell, bear this ſealed brief
With winged haſte to the Lord Mareſhal;
This to my couſin Scroop, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed: if you knew
How much they do import, you wou'd make haſte.

Sir Mich. My Lord, I gueſs their tenour.

York. Like enough.
To-morrow, good Sir Michell, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For, Sir, at Shrewſbury,
As I am truly given to underſtand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
Meets with Lord Harry; and I fear, Sir Michell,
What with the ſickneſs of Northumberland,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;

And what with Owen Glendower's abſence thence,
Who with them was a rated ſinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies;
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an inſtant trial with the King.

Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, there's Douglas, and Lord Mortimer.

York. No, Mortimer is not there. [Percy,

Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Harry
And there's my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And ſo there is: but yet the King hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmorland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms [oppoſed.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my Lord, they ſhall be well

York. I hope no leſs: yet, needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worſt, Sir Michell, ſpeed;
For if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King
Diſmiſs his power, he means to viſit us;
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewel, Sir Michell.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Camp at* Shrewſbury.

Enter King HENRY, *Prince of* WALES, *Lord* JOHN *of* LANCASTER, *Earl of* WESTMORLAND, *Sir* WALTER BLUNT, *and* FALSTAFF.

K. HENRY.

HOw bloodily the ſun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill! the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.

P. Henry. The ſouthern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And, by his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempeſt, and a bluſtering day.

K. Henry. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.
[*The trumpet ſounds.*

Enter WORCESTER, *and Sir* RICHARD VERNON.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of Wor'ſter? 'tis not well
That you and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our truſt,
And made us doff our eaſy robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to 't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not sought it, Sir? how comes it then!

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it. (20)

P. Henry. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleased your Majesty to turn your looks
Of favour from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends:
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand;
When yet you were in place and in account

(20) Fal. *Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.*——

Prince. *Peace, Chewet, peace.*] This I take to be an arbitrary refinement of Mr Pope's: nor can I easily agree that *Chewet* is Shakespeare's word here. Why should Prince Henry call Falstaff *bolster*, for interposing in the discourse betwixt the King and Worcester? with submission, he does not take him up here for his unreasonable size, but for his ill-timed unseasonable chattering. I therefore have preferred the reading of the old books. A chewet, or chuet, is a noisy chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falstaff for his meddling and impertinent jest. And besides, if the Poet had intended that the Prince should fleer at Falstaff, on account of his corpulency, I doubt not but he would have called him *bolster* in plain English, and not have wrapped up the abuse in the French word *chevet*. In another passage of this play, the Prince honestly calls him *quilt*; 'tis pity Mr Pope did not turn this into *lolter*, or *materas*, if his French would extend so far. As to Prince Henry, his stock in this language was so small, that when he comes to be king, he hammers out one small sentence of it to Princess Catharine, and tells her, "It is as easy for him "to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more "French."

Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I:
It was myſelf, my brother and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to us,
(And you did ſwear that oath at Doncaſter,)
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the ſtate,
Nor claim no further than your new-fallen right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaſter.
To this we ſware our aid: but in ſhort ſpace
It rained down fortune ſhow'ring on your head,
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you,
What with our help, what with the abſent King,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The ſeeming ſuff'rances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky Iriſh wars,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarm of fair advantages
You took occaſion to be quickly wooed,
To gripe the general ſway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaſter,
And being fed by us, you uſed us ſo,
As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,
Uſeth the ſparrow; did oppreſs our neſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,
That even our love durſt not come near your ſight
For fear of ſwallowing; but with nimble wing
We were inforced for ſafety's ſake to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head:
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you yourſelf have forged againſt yourſelf,
By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. Theſe things, indeed, you have articulated,

Proclaimed at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of Rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.
And never yet did Insurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusion.

P. Henry. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full dearly for this bold encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,
(This present enterprise set off his head)
I do not think a braver gentleman, (21)
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deed.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry,
And so, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation,

(21) *I do not think a braver gentleman,*
More active valiant, or more valiant young,] I have altered the pointing, and added hyphens betwixt both the adjectives in the second verse. Without them the sense seems feeble and cold. The Prince means, in my opinion, he did not know a braver gentleman than Hotspur; one more sprightly and stirring in his valour, or more valiant for his youth. The latter branch of this character Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Two Noble Kinsmen*, have expressed thus;

I have not seen *so young* a man, *so noble*.

And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of Wales, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it. No, good Worceſter, no,
We love our people well; even thoſe we love
That are miſled upon your coſin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your couſin, and return me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair, take it adviſedly.

[*Exit* Worceſter *with* Vernon.

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotſpur both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge.
For on their anſwer will we ſet on them;
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Prince HENRY, *and* FALSTAFF.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battle, and beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

P. Henry. Nothing but a coloſſus can do thee that friendſhip: ſay thy prayers, and farewel.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou oweſt Heav'n a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick

me off, when I come on? how then? can honour ſet to a leg? no. Or an arm? no. Or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air; a trim reckoning——Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not ſuffer it. Therefore, I'll none of it; honour is a mere 'ſcutcheon, and ſo ends my catechiſm.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Percy's *Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER, *and Sir* RICHARD VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew muſt not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the King.
Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.
Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King ſhou'd keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults:
Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes;
For treaſon is but truſted like a fox,
Who ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſhed, and locked up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſhed, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath th' excuſe of youth and heat of blood,
And an adopted name of privilege,

A hair-brained Hotſpur, governed by a ſpleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's. We did train him on;
And his corruption, being ta'en from us,
We, as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not Harry know,
In any caſe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

Enter HOTSPUR, *and* DOUGLAS.

Hot. My uncle is returned:
Deliver up my Lord of Weſtmorland.
Uncle, what news?

Wor. The King will bid you battle preſently.

Dou Defy him by the Lord of Weſtmorland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you then and tell him ſo.

Dou. Marry, I ſhall, and very willingly.
[*Exit* Douglas.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Enter DOUGLAS.

Dou. Arm, gentlemen, to arms; for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth:
And Weſtmorland, that was engaged, did bear it;
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales ſtepped forth before the King,
And, nephew, challenged you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to-day,

But I and Harry Monmouth! tell me, tell me,
How ſhewed his talking? ſeemed it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urged more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimmed up your praiſes with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valued with you.
And, which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital of himſelf,
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſtered there a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.
There did he pauſe; but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.

Hot. Couſin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies: never did I hear (22)

(22) ——— *Never did I hear*
Of any prince ſo wild a liberty.] Thus Mr Pope has given it us in both his editions, as if *a liberty* could mean *a libertine*. Whether chance, or purpoſe, be the ſource of this reading, is not eaſy to determine: for, beſides that this gentleman's indolence is ſo ſingular, his vein of criticiſm is ſo extravagant, that, like our Author's fools, he is ſeldom or never to be called to an account for his rhetoric. I have reſtored the reading of the old copies: and his meaning is, that a Prince of ſo wild and licentious a behaviour ſhould not be ſuffered at liberty for fear of doing miſchief. He inculcates the ſame ſentiment ſeveral times in *Hamlet*, on account of that Prince's madneſs.

Madneſs in great ones muſt not *unwatched* go.
I like him not, nor ſtands it *ſafe* with us
To let his madneſs *rage*.
His *liberty* is full of threats to all.
How *dangerous* is it, that this man *goes looſe!*

Of any Prince, ſo wild, at liberty,
But be he as he will, yet, once ere night,
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſy.
Arm, arm with ſpeed. And fellows, ſoldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort:
To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely were too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on Kings:
If die; brave death, when Princes die with us!
Now, for our conſciences,—the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profeſs not talking: Only this,
Let each man do his beſt. And here draw I
A ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Eſperanza! Percy! and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war;
And by that muſic let us all embrace:
For (heaven to earth) ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſy.
[*They embrace, then exeunt. The trumpets ſound.*

The King *entereth with his power; alarm to the battle. Then enter* DOUGLAS, *and Sir* WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. What is thy name, that thus in battle croſſeſt me?
What honour doſt thou ſeek upon my head?
Dou. Know then, my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a King.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Dou. The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, King Harry,
This ſword hath ended him; ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.
Blunt. I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot,
And thou ſhalt find a King that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, Blunt *is ſlain: Then enter* HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumphed o'er a Scot.
Dou. All's done, all's won, here breathleſs lyes the King.
Hot. Where?
Dou. Here.
Hot. This, Douglas? no; I know his face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was Blunt.
Semblably furniſhed like the King himſelf.
Dou. Ah! fool go with thy ſoul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a King?
Hot. The King hath many marching in his coats.

Dou. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away,
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarm. Enter FALSTAFF *ſolus.*

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape ſhot-free at London, I fear the ſhot here: here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt? there's honour for you; here's no vanity: I am as hot as moulten lead, and as heavy too: Heav'n keep lead out of me, I need no more weight than mine own bowels! I have led my rag-o-muffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive: and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Henry. What, ſtandeſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword:
Many a noble man lyes ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unrevenged. Lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. (23) Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds

(23) *Turk* Gregory] By this Turk Gregory, our Author muſt certainly mean Pope Hildebrand, who aſſumed the name of Gregory the Seventh. Fox, in his book of Martyrs, tells terrible ſtories of this Hildebrand. It was he who ſurmounted almoſt invincible obſtacles to deprive the Emperor of the right of inveſtiture of Biſhops, which his predeceſſors had ſo long in vain attempted. But the reaſon

in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him ſure.

P. Henry. He is, indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou getteſt not my ſword: but take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: what, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, Hal, 'tis hot. There's that will ſack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of ſack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him: if he do come in my way, ſo; if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir Walter hath. Give me life, which if I can ſave, ſo; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

Alarum, Excurſions. Enter the King, *the* Prince, *Lord* JOHN *of* Lancaſter, *and the Earl of* WESTMORLAND.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, Harry, withdraw thyſelf, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord John of Lancaſter, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unleſs I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I do beſeech your Majeſty make up, Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Henry. I will do ſo:
My Lord of Weſtmorland, lead him to his tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

of giving him this epithet of Turk. was on account of that infamous penance he enjoined the Emperor Henry IV. and the treading on his neck. Fox had made this Gregory ſo odious, that I don't doubt but the good Proteſtants at that time were well pleaſed to hear his tyranny publicly remarked on. Mr *Warburton.*

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your help;
And Heav'n forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtained nobility lyes trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in maſſacres!

Lan. We breathe too long; come, couſin Weſtmorland,
Our duty this way lyes; for Heav'n's ſake, come.

P. Henry. By Heaven, thou haſt deceived me, Lancaſter,
I did not think thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.

K. Henry. I ſaw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With laſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.

P. Henry. Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exeunt.*

Manet King HENRY. *Enter* DOUGLAS.

Dou. Another King? they grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the Douglas, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them. What art thou,
That counterfeiteſt the perſon of a King?

K. Henry. The King himſelf, who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very King. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyſelf about the field;
But ſeeing thou falleſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: ſo defend thyſelf.

Dou. I fear thou art another counterfeit;
And yet, in faith, thou beareſt thee like a King:
But mine I'm ſure thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

[*They fight: The King being in danger,*

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou
Never to hold it up again: the ſpirits [art like
Of Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiſeth, but means to pay.

[*They fight*, Douglas *flieth.*

Chearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton ſtrait.

K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a while.
Thou haſt redeemed my loſt opinion,
And ſhewed thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.

P. Henry. O Heav'n! they did me too much injury
That ever ſaid I hearkened for your death.
If it were ſo, I might have let alone
Th' inſulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the pois'nous potions in the world,
And ſaved the treach'rous labour of your ſon.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawſey. [*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou ſpeakeſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Then I ſee
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales: and think not, Percy,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two ſtars keep not their motion in one ſphere,

Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor ſhall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to Heaven
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy creſt
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well ſaid, Hal; to it, Hal. Nay, you ſhall find no boys play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, *he fights with* Falſtaff, *who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills* Percy.

Hot. Oh, Harry, thou haſt robbed me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,
Than thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death,
Lyes on my tongue. Now, Percy, thou art duſt,
And food for — [*Dies.*

P. Henry. Worms. Brave Percy, fare thee well!
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit, (24)

(24) *When that this body did contain a ſpirit,*
A kingdom *for it was too ſmall a bound!*
But now two paces *of the vileſt earth*
Is room enough!] A reflection, very like this in

A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough! this earth that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal.
But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myſelf
For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heaven;
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph.
[*He ſees* Falſtaff.
—What! old acquaintance! could not all this fleſh
Keep in a little life? poor Jack, farewel!
I could have better ſpared a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck ſo fat a deer to-day,
Though many a dearer in this bloody fray:
Imbowelled will I ſee thee by and by;
Till then, in blood, by noble Percy ly. [*Exit.*

FALSTAFF *riſes.*

Fal. Imbowelled!—if thou imbowel me to-day,

ſubſtance, our Author has again given us in his *Julius Cæſar*.

O mighty Cæſar! do'ſt thou ly ſo low?
Are all thy conqueſts, glories, triumphs, ſpoils,
Shrunk to this little meaſure?

Both theſe paſſages may very well ſeem to have had their foundation from *Juvenal*:

——Mors *ſola fatetur*
Quantula *ſint* hominum corpuſcula.——
Unus Pellæo Juveni non ſufficit orbis,
Æſtuat *infelix* anguſto limite *mundi*

Sarcophago contentus erit. Sat. X.

I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me to-morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit; to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh come you along with me.

[*Takes* Hotspur *on his back.*

Enter Prince HENRY *and* JOHN *of* Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

Lan. But soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did, I saw him dead,
And breathless on the ground. Art thou alive,
Or is it fancy plays upon our eye-sight?
I pr'ythee, speak, we will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seemest.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man; but if I am not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look either to be Earl or Duke, I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I killed myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is given to lying! I grant you I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he; but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by Shrewſbury clock. If I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them, that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take't on my life, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother John.
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.
[*A retreat is ſounded.*
The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours:
Come, brother, let's to th' higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, Heaven reward him! if I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould do. [*Exit.*

The Trumpets ſound: Enter King HENRY, *Prince of* WALES, *Lord* JOHN *of* Lancaſter, *Earl of* WESTMORLAND, *with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *Priſoners.*

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited Wor'ſter, did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?

And wouldſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three knights upon our party ſlain to-day,
A noble Earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worceſter to death, and Vernon too.
Other offenders we will pauſe upon.

[*Exeunt* Worceſter *and* Vernon, *guarded.*

How goes the field?

P. Henry. The gallant Scot, Lord Douglas, when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble Percy ſlain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the reſt;
And, falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiſed,
That the purſuers took him. At my tent
The Douglas is, and, I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaſter, to you
This honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free:
His valour, ſhewn upon our creſts to-day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſom of our adverſaries.

Lan. I thank your Grace for this high courteſy,
Which I ſhall give away immediately.

K. Henry. Then this remains; that we divide our power.
You ſon John, and my couſin Weſtmorland,

Tow'rds York ſhall bend you, with your deareſt
ſpeed,
To meet Northumberland and prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms.
Myſelf and you, ſon Harry, will tow'rds Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day;
And ſince this buſineſs ſo far fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH;

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

HENRY V.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

King HENRY IV.
Prince Henry, *afterwards crowned King* Henry V.
Prince John *of* Lancaſter,
Humphrey *of* Glouceſter,
Thomas *of* Clarence,
} *Sons to* Henry IV. *and brethren to* Henry V.

Northumberland,
The Archbiſhop of York,
Mowbray,
Haſtings,
Lord Bardolph,
Travers,
Morton,
Colvile,
} *Oppoſites againſt King* Henry IV.

Warwick,
Weſtmorland,
Surrey,
Gower,
Harcourt,
Lord Chief Juſtice,
} *Of the King's Party.*

Falſtaff,
Poins,
Bardolph,
Piſtol,
Peto,
Page,
} *Irregular Humouriſts.*

Shallow *and* Silence, *Country Juſtices.*
Davy, *ſervant to* Shallow.
Fang *and* Snare, *two Serjeants.*
Mouldy,
Shadow,
Wart,
Feeble,
Bulcalf.
} *Country Soldiers.*

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy,
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

PROLOGUE.

(1) *Enter* RUMOUR, *painted full of Tongues.*

OPEN your ears; for which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour
I from the orient to the drooping weſt, [ſpeaks?
Making the wind my poſt-horſe, ſtill unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth.
Upon my tongue continual ſlanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce;
Stuffing the ears of men with falſe reports.
I ſpeak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful muſters and prepared defence,
Whilſt the big year, ſwoln with ſome other griefs,
Is thought with child by the ſtern tyrant war,
And no ſuch matter? Rumour is a pipe
Blown by ſurmiſes, jealouſies, conjectures;
And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter with uncounted heads,
The ſtill-diſcordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my houſehold? why is Rumour here?

(1) Rumour, *painted full of tongues.*] This deſcription of Rumour is plainly to me a draught copied from Virgil's *Picture of Fame.*

——— *cui quot ſunt corpore plumæ,*
Tot vigiles oculi ſubter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguæ, totidem ora ſonant, tot ſubrigit aures.

——— ———

Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuncia veri.
Hæc tum multipl.ci populos ſermone repleḃat
Gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canḃat. Æneid. IV.

I run before King Harry's victory,
Who in a bloody field by Shrewſbury
Hath beaten down young Hotſpur and his troops;
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Ev'n with the rebels blood. But what mean I
To ſpeak ſo true at firſt? my office is
To noiſe abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotſpur's ſword;
And that the King before the Douglas' rage
Stooped his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumoured through the peaſant towns,
Between that royal field of Shrewſbury,
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged ſtone; (2)
Where Hotſpur's father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty-ſick. The poſts come tiring on;
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learned of me. From Rumour's tongues
They bring ſmooth comforts falſe, worſe than true wrongs. [*Exit.*

(2) *And this worm-eaten* hole *of ragged ſtone;*] Northumberland had retired and fortified himſelf in his caſtle, a place of ſtrength in thoſe times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and therefore, I believe, our Poet wrote;

And this worm-eaten *hold* of ragged ſtone.

So, in the 3d *Henry* VI.

The Queen with all the northern Earls and Lords
Intends here to beſiege you in your caſtle;
She is hard by with twenty thouſand men;
And therefore fortify your *hold*, my Lord.

So Daniel, in his *Miſeries of civil Wars*, ſpeaking of this very Earl's retirement, ſays;

Northumberland, recovered, ſtill out-ſtands,
The principal of this great family
And faction; having Berwick in his hands,
With other *holds*.——

(3) The SECOND PART of

HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE, Northumberland's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lord BARDOLPH; *the* Porter *at the door.*

BARDOLPH.

WHO keeps the gate here, hoa? where is the Earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the Earl,
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His Lordſhip is walked forth into the orchard;
Pleaſe it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here's the Earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem.
The times are wild: Contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.

(3) *The 2d part of* Henry IV.] The tranſactions comprized in this hiſtory take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotſpur's being defeated and killed; and cloſes with the death of King Henry IV. and the coronation of King Henry V.

Bard. Noble Earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewſbury.
North. Good, if Heaven will!
Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the fortune of my Lord your ſon,
Prince Harry ſlain outright; and both the Blunts
Killed by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John,
And Weſtmorland, and Stafford, fled the field.
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is priſoner to your ſon. O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo followed, and ſo fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæſar's fortunes!
North. How is this derived?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewſbury?
Bard. I ſpake with one, my Lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely rendered me theſe news for true.
North. Here comes my ſervant Travers, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt to liſten after news.
Bard. My Lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furniſhed with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?
Tra. My Lord, Sir John Umfrevil turned me back
With joyful tidings; and being better horſed
Out-rode me. After him came ſpurring hard
A gentleman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopped by me to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſked the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewſbury.
He told me, that rebellion had ill luck;

And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold.
With that he gave his able horſe the head,
And bending forward, ſtruck his agile heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,
He ſeemed in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha? again:
Said he, young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold?
Rebellion had ill luck?

Bard. My Lord, I'll tell you;
If my young Lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a ſilken point
I'll give my barony. Ne'er talk of it.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs? [Travers.

Bard. Who, he?
He was ſome hilding fellow, that had ſtolen
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spake at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the ſtrond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witneſſed uſurpation.
Say, Morton, didſt thou come from Shrewſbury?

Mort. I ran from Shrewſbury, my noble Lord,
Where hateful Death put on his ugliеſt maſk
To fright our party.

North. How doth my ſon and brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,

And would have told him, half his Troy was burned:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue:
And I, my Percy's death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This thou wouldeſt ſay: your ſon did thus, and thus;
Your brother, thus: ſo fought the noble Douglas:
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
But in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
Thou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
Ending with, brother, ſon, and all, are dead!

Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother yet;
But for my Lord your ſon ———

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue Suſpicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by inſtinct, knowledge from other eyes,
That what he feared is chanced. Yet, Morton,
Tell thou thy Earl, his divination lies; [ſpeak:
And I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet for all this, ſay not, that Percy's dead.
I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou ſhakeſt thy head, and holdeſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo:
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead;
Not he which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news (4)

(4) *Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news*
Hath but a loſing office;] This obſervation is certainly true in nature, and has the ſanction of no leſs authorities than thoſe of Æſchylus and Sophocles, who ſay almoſt the ſame thing with our Author here.

Ὦ μοι κακὸν μὲν πρῶτον ἀγγέλλειν κακά. Æſch. in Perſ.
Σκῆψαι γὰρ ἥδιστ' ἄγγελον κακῶν ἑκών. Soph. in Antigone.

Henr. Stephens has taken notice that in ſome of Æſchylus's

Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered tolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my Lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I'm sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to Heaven I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out breathed,
To Henry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth:
From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.
In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best tempered courage in his troops.
For from his metal was his party steeled;
Which once, in him abated, all the rest
Turned on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor'ster
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well labouring sword
Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,
'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
Of those that turned their backs; and in his flight

printed copies this second verse quoted had been inserted as a part of his text; but judges, the mistake happened first from it's having been transcribed in the margin as a parallel sentiment. *Fortasse autem ex hoc Æschyli versu natus est ille,* says he. This learned man does not seem to have known or remembered that the verse was to be given to Sophocles.

Stumbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
Is, that the King hath won: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power t'encounter you, my Lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaſter
And Weſtmorland. This is the news at full.

North. For this I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
In poiſon there is phyſic: and this news,
That would, had I been well, have made me ſick,
Being ſick, hath in ſome meaſure made me well.
And as the wretch, whoſe fever-weakened joints,
Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even ſo my limbs,
Weakened with grief, being now inraged with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch,
A ſcaly gauntlet now with joints of ſteel
Muſt glove this hand. And hence, thou ſickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which Princes fleſhed with conqueſt aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
The ruggedeſt hour, that time and ſpight dare bring, (5)
To frown upon th' enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiſs earth! now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confined; let order die,
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a ling'ring act:
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain

(5) *The* ragged'ſt *hour that time and ſpight dare bring*
To frown, &c.] I know very well our Author frequently uſes this epithet, when he ſpeaks of ſharp o'er-hanging rocks, ruined fortifications, *&c.* but there is no conſonance of metaphors here betwixt *ragged* and *frown*; nor, indeed, any dignity in the image. On both accounts therefore, I ſuſpect our Author wrote, as I have reformed the text, the *ruggedeſt hour*, *&c.*

Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead! [Lord.

Bard. This strained passion doth you wrong, my
Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mart. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th' event of war, my noble Lord,
And summed the account of chance, before you said,
Let us make head: it was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
You knew he walked o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advised his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars; and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:
Yet did you say, Go forth. And none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action. What hath then befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew that we ventured on such dang'rous seas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventured for the gain proposed,
Choaked the respect of likely peril feared;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we'll all put forth, body and goods.

Mort. 'Tis more than time; and my most noble
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth, [Lord,
The gentle archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My Lord, your son had only but the corps,
But shadows, and the shews of men to fight.

For that ſame word, Rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls,
And they did fight with queaſineſs; conſtrained,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seemed on our ſide: but, for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, Rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond. But now the Biſhop
Turns inſurrection to religion:
Suppoſed ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's followed both with body and with mind:
And doth enlarge his riſing with the blood
Of fair King Richard, ſcraped from Pomfret ſtones:
Derives from Heaven his quarrel and his cauſe;
Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land
Gaſping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more and leſs do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before: but, to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me, and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety and revenge;
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, nor never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street in* London.

Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, *with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant! what ſays the Doctor to my water?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, the water itſelf was a good healthy water: but for the party that owned it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this fooliſh-compounded clay man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am

not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whoreſon mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agot till now: but I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel: (6) the Juvenal, the Prince your maſter! whoſe chin is not yet fledged: I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek: yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal. Heaven may finiſh it when it will, it is not a hair amiſs yet: he may

(6) *The* Juvenil, *the Prince your maſter!*] All the old editions both here, and in ſeveral other paſſages of our Author, write *Juvenal*. Why our modern editors have been ſo nice to make the change, I cannot ſay. Both the words are equally well derived. *A juvenis eſt tum juvenalis, tum juvenilis; ut a verna, vernalis, vernilis:*——ſays Voſſius in his *Etymologicon*. Nor does the uſage want its authorities. *Juvenalia, νέων ἑορτὴ. Juvenalis, νεωτερικὸς, νεανικὸς*' ſay the old Gloſſaries —— Juvenalia *fingebantur* Dianæ *ſimulachra, quia ea ætas fortis eſt ad tolerandam viam.* Diana *enim viarum putabatur Dea*; ſays S. Pompeius Feſtus. In like manner, the Poets;

Et mihi quæ fuerint juvenali *in corpore vires.*
Virg. Æneid. V.

Tu mihi dictaſti juvenalia *carmina primus.*
Ovid. Epiſt. ad Maxim.

Tacete, comis, animo juvenali *ſenex.* Auſonius ad Nepot.

Nunc ego te puerum, mox in juvenalibus *annis,*
Famque virum cernam. Idem. Idyll. IV.

Scili et immenſæ, viſis juvenalibus *armis,*
Subſident alpes? Sil. Italicus. l. II.

Accipe facundi carmen juvenale *Properti.* Martial l. XIV. &c. &c.

keep it ſtill as a face-royal, for a barber ſhall never earn ſix-pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid Mr Dombledon about the ſatten for my ſhort cloak and ſlops?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours, he liked not the ſecurity.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton, may his tongue be hotter! a whoreſon Achitophel, a rafcally yea-forſooth-knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then ſtand upon *ſecurity!* the whoreſon ſmooth-pates do now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up, then they muſt ſtand upon *ſecurity*; I had as lief they would put ratſbane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity. I looked he ſhould have ſent me two and twenty yards of ſatten, as I am a true Knight, and he ſends me *ſecurity*. Well, he may ſleep in ſecurity, for he hath the horn of abundance. And the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lanthorn to light him. Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horſe in Smithfield. If I could get me but a wife in the ſtews, I were manned, horſed, and wived.

Enter Chief Juſtice, *and Servants.*

Page. Sir, here comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falſtaff, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Ser. He, my Lord. But he hath ſince done good ſervice at Shrewſbury: and, as I hear, is now going with ſome charge to the Lord John of Lancaſter.

Ch. Juſt. What, to York? call him back again.

Ser. Sir John Falſtaff, ——

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go, pluck him by the elbow. I muſt ſpeak with him.

Ser. Sir John! —— ——

Fal. What! a young knave and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack ſubjects? do not the rebels need ſoldiers? though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You miſtake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knighthood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Ser. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your knighthood and your ſoldierſhip aſide, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay aſide that which grows to me? if thou getteſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou takeſt leave, thou were better be hanged: you hunt-counter, hence; avaunt.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John Falſtaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord! God give your Lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad; I heard ſay, your Lordſhip was ſick. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your Lordſhip, though not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you; ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time: and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, I ſent for you before your expedition to Shrewſbury.——

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I hear his Majeſty is returned with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his Majeſty: you would not come when I ſent for you;——

Fal. And I hear moreover, his Highneſs is fallen into this ſame whoreſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, Heaven mend him! I pray let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your Lordſhip, a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whoreſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What tell you me of it, be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy and perturbation in the brain. I have read the cauſe of it in Galen. It is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think you are fallen into that diſeaſe: for you hear not what I ſay to you.

(7) *Fal.* Very well, my Lord, very well: ra-

(7) Fal. *Very well, my Lord, very well*:] In the oldeſt Quarto edition which I have of this play, (printed in 1600) this ſpeech ſtands thus.

Old. Very well, my Lord, very well.

I had not obſerved this when I wrote my note to the 1 *Henry* IV. concerning the tradition of Falſtaff's character having been firſt called Oldcaſtle. This almoſt amounts to a ſelf-evident proof of the thing being ſo: and that the play being printed from the ſtage manuſcript, Oldcaſtle had been all along al-

ther, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my Lord, but not ſo patient: your Lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then adviſed by my counſel learned in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my means were greater, and my waiſt ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſled the youthful Prince.

Fal. The young Prince hath miſled me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Juſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound: your day's ſervice at Shrewſbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill. You may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-poſting that action.

ſerved into Falſtaff, except in this ſingle place by an overſight; of which the printers not being aware, continued theſe initial traces of the original name.

Fal. My Lord,——

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to ſmell a fox.

Ch. Juſt. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A waſſel-candle, my Lord; all tallow: but if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy; gravy——.

Ch. Juſt. (8) You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my Lord, your ill angel is light; but I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant, I cannot go;——I cannot tell; virtue is of ſo little regard in theſe coſter-mongers days, that true valour is turned bear-herd. Pregnancy is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reck'nings; and all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age ſhapes them,

(8) *You follow the young Prince up and down, like his* evil *angel.*] What a precious collator has Mr Pope approved himſelf in this paſſage! beſides, if this were the true reading, Falſtaff could not have made the witty and humourous evaſion he has done in his reply. I have reſtored the reading of the oldeſt Quarto. The Lord Chief Juſtice calls Falſtaff the Prince's *ill angel*, or genius: which Falſtaff turns off by ſaying, an *ill angel* (meaning the coin called an *angel*) is *light*; but, ſurely, it can't be ſaid, that he wants *weight*: *ergo*,—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called *ill*, or *bad*, but it is never called *evil*, with regard to its being under weight. This Mr Pope will facetiouſly call reſtoring *loſt puns*: but if the Author wrote a *pun*, and it happens to be loſt in an editor's indulgence, I ſhall, in ſpite of his grimace, venture at bringing it back to light.

are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scrowl of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? fy, fy, fy, Sir John.

Fal. My Lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding, and he, that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' th' ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude Prince, and you took it like a sensible Lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven send the Prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better Prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath severed you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it;

but look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandish any thing but a bottle, would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever.—but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest, and Heaven bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your Lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well. Commend me to my cousin Westmorland. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy.

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats, and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. Go, bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earl of Westmorland, and this to old Mrs Urisula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since

perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe: it is no matter, if I do halt, I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Archbishop of York's Palace.*

Enter Archbishop of YORK, HASTINGS, THOMAS MOWBRAY *(Earl Marshal) and Lord* BARDOLPH.

York. Thus have you heard our cause, and know our means:
Now, my most noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes;
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow th' occasion of our arms,
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the King?

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five and twenty thousand men of choice:
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,

My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my Lord, who lined himself with hope,
Eating the air, on promise of supply;
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts;
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leaped into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, if this present quality of war
Impede the instant act; a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which, if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? at least, desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,

We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born; and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation:
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph;
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads; one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm King
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

York. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarmed, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels; never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmorland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

York. Let us on,
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;

woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a fhame to be thought on. There is no honefty in fuch dealing, unlefs a woman fhould be made an afs and a beaft, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and the Boy.*

Yonder he comes, and that arrant mahnfey-nofe knave, Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices: Mr Fang and Mr Snare, do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whofe mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arreft you at the fuit of Mrs Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets; draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoft. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baftardly rogue. Murder! murder! O thou honeyfuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? (10) O thou honey-feed rogue! thou art a honey-feed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A refcue, a refcue!

Hoft. Good people, bring a refcue or two; thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue, do, thou hemp-feed!

i. e. one hundred marks is a good round fum for a poor widow to venture on truft. According to the old way of writing, the word was fpelt more generally *lone*, than *loan*, as it is now.

(10) *O thou* honey-feed *rogue!*] The Poet very humorouffly makes dame Quickly blunder out this word, inftead of *homicide*.

Fal. Away, you ſculliion, you rampallion, you fuſtilarian: I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter Chief Juſtice *attended.*

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, hoa!

Hoſt. Good my Lord, be good to me. I beſeech you, ſtand to me.

Ch. Juſt. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, your buſineſs?
You ſhould have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hangeſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful Lord, an't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eaſt-cheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my Lord; it is for all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his; but I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir John? fy, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? are you not aſhamed to inforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf and the money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me on a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on Wedneſ-

day in Whitſun-week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening him to a ſinging-man of Windſor; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my Lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me Goſſip Quickly? coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound; and didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhall call me Madam? and didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canſt.

Fal. My Lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her; but for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent faucineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration. I know you have practiſed upon the eaſy-yielding ſpirit of this woman.——

Hoſt. Yes in troth, my Lord.

Ch. Juſt. Pr'ythee, peace; pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with ſterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not undergo this ſneap without reply. You call honourable boldneſs im-

prudent faucineſs: if a man may courteſy and ſay nothing, he is virtuous. No, my Lord, my humble duty remembered; I will not be your ſuitor: I ſay to you, I deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the King's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak as having power to do wrong: but anſwer in the effect of your reputation, and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Aſide.*

Enter Mr GOWER.

Ch. Juſt. Maſter Gower, what news?

Gower. The King, my Lord, and Henry Prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman-------

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;--come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings, and theſe flybitten tapeſtries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action: come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me; do'ſt not know me? come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pr'ythee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la,

Fal. Let it alone, I'll make other ſhift; you'll be a fool ſtill.-----

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to ſupper: you'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? go with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Hoſt. Will you have Doll Tearſheet meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hoſt. *and* Serjeant.

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good Lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the King laſt night?

Gower. At Baſingſtoke, my Lord.

Fal. I hope, my Lord, all's well. What is the news, my Lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred Are marched up to my Lord of Lancaſter, [horſe, Againſt Northumberland and the Archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble Lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently. Come, go along with me, good Mr. Gower.

Fal. My Lord,-----

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter Gower, ſhall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I muſt wait upon my good Lord here; I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in the countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, Maſter Gower?

(11) *Ch. Juſt.* What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir John?

Fal. Maſter Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my Lord, tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *continues in* London.

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS.

P. Henry. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought wearineſs durſt not have attached one of ſo high blood.

P. Henry. It doth me, though it diſcolours the complection of my greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. Henry. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got: for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take

(11) Ch. Juſt. *What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir John?*

Fal. *Maſter Gower, if they become me not,* &c.] This ſame affectation of inadvertence is again practiſed by our Poet in the firſt part of *Henry* VI. act 5. betwixt Princeſs Margaret and Suffolk, when he has made her his priſoner. But there it wants the grace and humour which we find here; becauſe Margaret and Suffolk are forced to talk aſide to themſelves, and the Chief Juſtice and Falſtaff have here maſter Gower to addreſs themſelves to by turns.

note how many pair of silk-stockings thou hast? (*viz* these, and those that were the peach-coloured ones;) or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use; but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there, as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland. And God knows whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the mid-wives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! tell me how many good young princes would do so, their fathers lying so sick as yours at this time is.

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to: I stand the push of your one thing that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But, I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Henry. What wouldeſt thou think of me if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a bleſſed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine; every man would think me an hypocrite, indeed. And what excites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeemed ſo lewd, and ſo much ingraffed to Falſtaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears; the worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands: and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falſtaff; he had him from me Chriſtian, and ſee if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Bard. Save your Grace.

P. Henry. And yours, moſt noble Bardolph.

(12) *Bard.* Come, you virtuous aſs, you baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you

(12) Poins. *Come, you virtuous aſs,* &c.] Though all the editions concur in giving this ſpeech to Poins, it ſeems evident to me, by the Page's immediate reply, that it muſt be placed to Bardolph. For Bardolph had called to the boy from an alehouſe, and, 'tis likely, made him half drunk: and the boy being aſhamed of it, 'tis natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his awkward baſhfulneſs. I have therefore placed it to him.

now? what a maidenly man at arms are you become? is it such a matter to get a pottle——pot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my Lord, thro' a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last I spied his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Instruct us, boy, what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's worth of good interpretation; there it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poins. O that this good blossom could be kept from cankers! well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall be wronged.

P. Henry. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good Lord; he heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

P. Henry. Delivered with good respect;—and how doth the Martlemas your master?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Henry. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place: for, look you how he writes.

Poins reads:] "John Falstaff, knight,"——Every

man must know that, as often as he hath occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they say, *there is some of the King's blood spilt.* How comes that? says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; (13) *I am the King's poor cousin, Sir.*

P. Henry. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet.——But, to the letter:—"Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King, "nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greet"ing."

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

P. Henry. Peace.

"I will imitate the honourable Romans in bre"vity." (14)

Poins. Sure he means brevity in breath; short-winded.

P. Henry. "I commend me to thee, I commend "thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with "Poins, for he misuses thy favours so much, that "he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Re"pent at idle times as thou mayest, and so fare-

(13) *The answer is as ready as a* borrowed *cap*;] But how is a *borrowed* cap so ready? read, a *borrower's* cap: and then there is some humour in it. For a man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the most complaisant; his cap is always at hand. Mr *Warburton.*

(14) *I will imitate the honourable* Romans *in brevity.*] I don't know who could furnish Shakespeare with this account of the Roman brevity, but Pliny the younger: B. 1. Epist. xi. *Olim nullas mihi epistolas mittis. Nihil est (inquis,) quod scribam. At hoc ipsum scribe, Nihil esse quod scribas: vel solum illud, unde incipere priores solebant, si vales, bene est; ego valeo.* ——I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. But after all, should it not be Roman, (in the singular number) and Brutus be meant? for he was peculiarly laconic in his style. Mr *Warburton.*

" wel. Thine, by yea and no: which is as much " as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him; Jack Falſtaff with " my familiars, John with my brothers and ſiſters, " and Sir John with all Europe."

Poins. My Lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you uſe me thus, Ned? muſt I marry your ſiſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! but I never ſaid ſo.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds and mock us. Is your maſter here in London?

Bard. Yes, my Lord.

P. Henry. Where ſups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my Lord, in Eaſt-cheap.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. Epheſians, my Lord, of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my Lord, but old Mrs Quickly, and Mrs Dol Tearſheet.

P. Henry. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. Henry. Even ſuch kin as the pariſh heifers are to the town-bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, Ned, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my Lord, I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well; go. This Dol Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St Albans and London.

P. Henry. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table, as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? (15) a heavy declension. It was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation, that shall be mine: for in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Northumberland's *Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Lady* PERCY.

North. I pr'ythee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs.
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be like them to Percy, troublesome.

L. North. I have given over, I will speak no more.
Do what you will: your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn,
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

(15) *A heavy* descension.] This is the reading which Mr Pope has espoused: but why not *declension?* is not the term purely synonymous? so in *Richard* III.

Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base *declension* and loath'd bigamy.

And so, in *Hamlet*;

——and to *decline*
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

For here it signifies, to *stoop, descend.*

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for Heaven's ſake, go not to
theſe wars.
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endeared to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father
Bring up his powers: but he did look in vain! (16)
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honours loſt, yours and your ſon's:
For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his, it ſtuck upon him as the ſun
In the gray vault of Heaven: and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts. He was, indeed, the glaſs,
Wherein the noble youth did dreſs themſelves.
He had no legs, that practiſed not his gait:
And ſpeaking thick, which Nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant:
For thoſe that could ſpeak low and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,

(16) *But he did* long *in vain!*] Nothing of *longing* has been expreſſed before, which makes me ſuſpect this reading. Shakeſpeare, and moſt of the writers of his time, loved a repetition of the ſame word: and as it is immediately before ſaid, that Percy threw many a northward *look*, I am perſuaded the Poet wrote;

——but he did *look* in vain!

I cannot help, on this occaſion, quoting a paſſage from Ariſtophanes, which has been ſuſpected and tampered with.

Ἴλλος γεγένημαι προσδοκῶν, ὁ δ' ὐδέπω.

Theſmoph. ver. 853.

Keuſter, who objects that expectation of any body could never have the effect here mentioned, would have us read, Ἄνος γεγένημαι, &c. I am dried, pined away, &c. with ſtanding and expecting him. I own I have always thought the error lay in another word; and would read,

Ἴλλος γεγένημαι προσδρακὼν ὁ δ' ὐδέπω.

My eyes are perfectly diſtorted, turned a-ſquint with *looking* out for him; but I can ſee nothing of him.

To seem like him. So that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. And him, wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
(Second to none, unseconded by you)
To look upon the hideous God of War
In disadvantage; to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible: so you left him.
Never, O never do his ghost the wrong,
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him. Let them alone:
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I (hanging on Hotspur's neck)
Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient over-sights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

L. North. Fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

L. Percy. If they get ground and 'vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger: but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He has so suffered; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,

That it may grow and ſprout as high as Heaven,
For recordation to my noble huſband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my mind,
As with the tide ſwelled up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:
I will reſolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exe.*

SCENE *changes to the* Boar's-head *Tavern in* Eaſt-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil haſt thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou knoweſt Sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Maſs! thou ſayeſt true; the Prince once ſet a diſh of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and putting off his hat, ſaid, I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, withered knights. It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down; and ſee if thou canſt find out Sneak's noiſe; Mrs Tearſheet would fain hear ſome muſic. Diſpatch! the room where they ſupped is too hot, they'll come in ſtrait.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince and maſter Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John muſt not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then here will be old Utis: it will be an excellent ſtratagem

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee if I can find out Sneak. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hoſteſs *and* DOL.

Hoſt. I'faith, ſweetheart, methinks, now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe; but, i'faith, you have drank too much canaries, and that's a marvelous ſearching wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere we can ſay what's this. How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was: Hem.——

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid: a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. When Arthur *firſt in court*——empty the jourden——*and was a worthy King*: How now, Mrs Dol?

Hoſt. Sick of a calm: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. So is all her ſex; if they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat raſcals, Mrs Dol.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Fal. If the cook make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, Dol; we catch of you, Dol, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls and owches: for to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know; to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely——

Dol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy conger, hang yourſelf!

Hoſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two never meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord; you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toaſts, you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the goodjer? one muſt bear, and that muſt be you: you are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier veſſel. [*To* Dol.

Dol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full hogſhead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuffed in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Piſtol is below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal, let him not come hither; it is the foulelt-mouthed rogue in England.

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith: I muſt live amongſt my neighbours, I'll no ſwaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very beſt: ſhut the door, there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not lived all this while to have ſwaggering now: ſhut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, hoſteſs? ——

Hoſt. Pray you, pacify yourſelf, Sir John; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou hear?—— it is mine ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter Tiſick the deputy the other day; and,

as he said to me ——it was no longer ago than Wednesday last neighbour Quickly, says he;—master Domb our minister was by then;—neighbour Quickly, says he, receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name: (Now he said so, I can tell whereupon;) for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive, says he, no swaggering companions ——There come none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, i'faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppey-greyhound; he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any shew of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. (17) Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering, by my troth. (18) I am the worse

(17) Cheater *call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no* cheater;) The humour of this consists in the hostess's mistake in the signification of the word *cheater*. For the officer who was concerned in collecting the escheats due to the crown, was called by the common people the *cheater*, *i. e.* the *escheater*; and this was the honest man the good woman dreamt of. But as the public officers of the revenue were always had in *odium*, I make no doubt but the Poet meant here likewise to ridicule the officer. Mr *Warburton.*

(18) *I am the worse when one says* swagger. Feel, *masters, how I shake.*

Dol. *So you do, Hostess.*

Host. *Do I? yea, in very truth do I,* as if it were an aspen-leaf.] This fright of the hostess, though perfectly in nature and character, seems sneered at by Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Knight of the Burning Pestle*:

By the faith of my body, a' has put me into such a fright that I *tremble* (as they say) *as 'twere an aspen leaf.* Look o' my little finger, George how it shakes. Now, in truth, every member of my body is the worse for't.

when one says swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, Hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, as if it were an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Pist. Save you, Sir John.

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, Sir, you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy, I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion! what? you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate; away, you mouldy rogue, away, I am meat for your master

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal, you filthy bung, away: by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, if you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal, you basket-hilt stale juggler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol: not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not aſhamed to be called captain? if captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out of taking their names upon you, before you have earned them. You a captain! you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe? he a captain! hang him, rogue, he lives upon mouldy ſtewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain! theſe villains will make the word *captain* as odious as the word *occupy*, which was an excellent good word before it was ill ſorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs Dol.

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph, I could tear her: I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damned firſt, to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, where Erebus and tortures vile alſo. Hold hook and line, ſay I: down, down, dogs; down, fates: have we not Hiren here?

Hoſt. Good captain Peeſel, be quiet, it is very late: I beſeech you now, aggravate your choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good humours, indeed. Shall pack-And hollow-pampered jades of Aſia, [horſes (19) Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day, Compare with Cæſars, and with Cannibals,

(19) ——*Shall pack-horſes,*
And hollow pampered jades of Aſia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day, &c.] Piſtol, 'tis certain, does not deliver himſelf like a man of this world; but we'll derive one teſtimony from hence, that all his extravaganza's are not merely unmeaning ſlights of wildneſs, but thrown in to convey ſtrokes of ſatire, and expoſe the fuſtian of ſome contemporary pieces. In the ſecond part of an old play called *Tamburlaine's Conqueſts*, or the *Scythian Shepherd*, Tamburlaine appears in his chariot, drawn by the Kings of

And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar:
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men like dogs; give crowns like pins: (20) have we not Hiren here?

Hoſt. O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-jer! do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Trebizond and Soria, with bits in their mouths. He. holding the reins in his left hand, and a whip in his right, ſcourges them; and thus begins the ſcene.

Holla! ye pampered jades of Aſia,
What! can ye draw but twenty miles a-day,
And have ſo proud a chariot at your heels,
And ſuch a coachman as great Tamburlaine?

This paſſage was in ſo ſtrong ridicule, that I find it again parodied in a comedy called *The Sun's Darling*; as alſo in the *Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.

(20) *Have we not* Hiren *here?*

Hoſt. *O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here.*] *i. e.* Shall I fear, that have this truſty and invincible ſword by my ſide? for, as King Arthur's ſwords were called Calliburne and Ron; as Edward the Confeſſor's, Curtana; as Charlemaine's, Joyeuſe; Orlando's, Durindana; Rinaldo's, Fuſberta; and Rogero's, Balifarda; ſo Piſtol, in imitation of theſe heroes, calls his ſword Hiren. I have been told, Amadis du Gaul had a ſword of this name. It ſeems to belong to ſome Spaniſh romance, and we may, perhaps, gather the reaſon of the name from that language. La Cruſca explains *hierindo*, (the gerund from *hirir*, to ſtrike;) *en frappant, battendo, percotendo*: from hence it ſeems probable that *Hiren* may be derived, and ſo ſignify a *ſwathing, cutting* ſword.——But what wonderful humour is there in the good hoſteſs ſo innocently miſtaking Piſtol's drift fancying that he meant to fight for a whore in the houſe, and therefore telling him, On my word, Captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-jer! do you think I would deny her?

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis; come, give me ſome ſack. *Si fortuna me tormente, ſperato me contenta.*
Fear we broad-ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack: and, ſweet-heart, ly thou there:
Come we to full points here, and are *et cætera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. (21) Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif. What! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs, I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs? know we not galloway nags?

(21) *Sweet knight, I kiſs thy* neif.] *i. e.* I kiſs thy fiſt. Mr Pope will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa. i. e.* a woman-ſlave that is born in one's houſe, and that Piſtol would kiſs Falſtaff's domeſtic miſtreſs, Dol Tearſheet. But I appeal to every one that ſhall but read the ſcene over, whether this could poſſibly be the Poet's meaning. There is a perfect fray betwixt Dol and Piſtol; ſhe calls him an hundred the worſt names ſhe can think of: he threatens to murder her ruff, and ſays he could tear her. Bardolph would have him be gone; but he ſays, he'll ſee her damn'd firſt: and Dol, on the other hand, wants him to be thruſt down ſtairs, and ſays, ſhe can't endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal. I ſhould very little expect that theſe parties, in ſuch a ferment, ſhould come to kiſſing. And I am perſuaded Shakeſpeare thought of no reconciliation; for the brawl is kept on, till it riſes to drawing ſwords; and Piſtol, among them, is huſtled down ſtairs. I can't think any more is intended by the Poet than this; that Falſtaff, weary of Piſtol's wrangling, tells him he would be quiet: and that Piſtol, who had no quarrel with Sir John but a ſort of dependance on him, ſpeaks the Knight fair, and tells him, that he kiſſes his *fiſt*; for ſo the word *neif* ſignifies in our northern counties. So before, in *Midſummer Night's Dream*;

Bott. Give me thy *neif*, Monſieur Muſtard-ſeed.

And ſo in Ben Johnſon's *Poetaſter*,

I wo'not, my good two-penny raſcal; reach me thy *neifs*.

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a ſhove-groat ſhilling: nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What, ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we embrue? then death rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days: why, then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds untwine the ſiſters three. Come Atropos, I ſay. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward.

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pr'ythee, Jack, I pr'ythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.

[*Drawing, and driving* Piſtol *out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult; I'll forſwear keeping houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So, murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Dol. I pr'ythee, Jack, be quiet, the raſcal is gone. Ah, you whoreſon, little valiant villain, you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i' th' groin? methought he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk. You have hurt him, Sir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal, to brave me!——

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you: alas, poor ape, how thou ſweateſt? come, let me wipe thy face——come on, you whoreſon chops——ah, rogue! I love thee—thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine Worthies. A villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dareſt for thy heart: if thou do'ſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter Muſic.

Page. The Muſic is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, Dol. A raſcal, bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quick-ſilver.

Dol. I'faith, and thou followedſt him like a church: thou whoreſon little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting on days, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINS *diſguiſed.*

Fal. Peace, good Dol, do not ſpeak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They ſay Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as Tewkſbury muſtard: there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince love him ſo, then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs: and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fenel, and drinks off candle-ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-ſtools, and ſwears with a good grace, and wears his boot very ſmooth like unto the ſign of the leg, and breeds no bate with telling of diſcreet ſtories; and ſuch other gambol faculties he hath, that ſhew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himſelf is ſuch another: the weight of an hair will turn the ſcales between their Averdupois.

P. Henry. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not ſtrange that deſire ſhould ſo many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiſs me, Dol.

P. Henry. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what ſays the almanac to that?

Poins. And look whether the fiery Trigon his man be not liſping to his maſter's old tables, his note-book, his counſel-keeper?

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. By my troth, I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I ſhall receive money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry ſong, come: it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth thou wilt ſet me a weeping if thou ſayeſt ſo. Prove that ever I dreſs myſelf handſome till thy return——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, Francis.

P. Henry. Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. A baſtard ſon of the King's! and art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerve thy good grace! Welcome to London.——Now Heaven bleſs that ſweet face of thine. What, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreſon mad compound of majeſty, by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome. [*Leaning his hand upon* Dol.

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My Lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whoreſon candle-mine, you, how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.'

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadſhill; you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think thou waſt within hearing.

P. Henry. I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, Hal, on my honour, no abuſe.

P. Henry. Not to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe, Hal.

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, Ned, in the world; honeſt Ned, none. I diſpraiſed him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject, and thy father is to give me thanks

for it. No abuſe, Hal, none, Ned, none; no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? is thine hoſteſs here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honeſt Bardolph, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable, and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt malt worms: for the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil outbids him too.

P. Henry. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in hell already, and burns poor ſouls: for the other, I owe her money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not: I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe contrary to law, for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo: what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman,——

Dol. What ſays your Grace?

Fal. His Grace ſays that, which his fleſh rebels againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at the door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The King your father is at Weſtminſter,

And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts
Come from the north; and as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And aſking every one for Sir John Falſtaff.

P. Henry. By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt and commotion, like the ſouth
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword and cloak: Falſtaff, good-night.

[*Exeunt* Prince *and* Poins.

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpick'd. More knocking at the door? how now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to court, Sir, preſently: A dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, ſirrah: farewel, hoſteſs; farewel, Dol. You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after; the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewel, good wenches; if I be not ſent poſt, I will ſee you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt——well, ſweet Jack, have a care of thyſelf.

Fal. Farewel, farewel. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee theſe twenty-nine years, come peaſcod-time; but an honeſter and truer-hearted man——well, fare thee well.

Bard. Mrs Tearſheet,——

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid miſtreſs Tearſheet come to my maſter.

Hoſt. O run, Dol, run; run, good Dol. [*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the Palace in* London.

Enter King HENRY *in his Night-gown, with a Page.*

K. HENRY.

GO, call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed.
[*Exit* Page.
How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, lyest thou in smoaky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why lyest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case, or a common larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurley, Death itself awakes?

Canſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude?
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a King? then happy low! ly down; (22)
Uneaſy lyes the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good-morrows to your Majeſty.
K. Henry. Is it good-morrow, Lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and paſt.
K. Henry. (23) Why, then, good-morrow to you. Well, my Lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?
War. We have, my Liege.
K. Henry. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body, yet diſtempered,

(22) ——*then happy* low! ly down;
Uneaſy lyes the *head*, &c.] Though I have not diſturbed the text, Mr Warburton thinks Shakeſpeare would not have uſed ſo poor a repetition as *ly down* and *uneaſy lyes*. He therefore conjectures;

—— Then happy *lowly clown!*
Uneaſy *lyes* the head that wears a crown.

This, ſays he, is the juſt concluſion from all ſaid before. If ſleep will fly a king and conſort itſelf with beggars, then happy the *lowly clown*, and uneaſy the crown'd head.

(23) *Why, then, good morrow to you* all, *my Lords:*
Have you read o'er, &c.] I muſt account for the change I have ventured at here. In the preceding page the King ſends letters to Surrey and Warwick, with charge that they ſhould read them and attend him. Accordingly here Surrey and Warwick come, and no body elſe, in obedience to that ſummons. The King would hardly have ſaid good morrow to you *all*, to two Peers, and no more. My emendation wants no further ſupport, than this naked ſtating of the caſe.

Which to its former ſtrength may be reſtored,
With good advice and little medicine;
My Lord Northumberland will ſoon be cooled.

K. Henry. Oh Heaven, that one might read the book of Fate,
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt itſelf
Into the ſea; and, other times, to ſee
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips: how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth viewing his progreſs through,
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,
Wou'd ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince
This Percy was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who, like a brother, toiled in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by?
(You, couſin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To* War.
When Richard, with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then checked and rated by Northumberland,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now proved a prophecy:
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
'My couſin Bolingbroke aſcends my throne:
(Though then, Heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent,
But that Neceſſity ſo bowed the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compelled to kiſs:)
'The time ſhall come, (thus did he follow it;)
'The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,

'Shall break into corruption:' so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased;
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie untreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness,
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

K. Henry. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say, the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my Lord,
The powers, that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseasoned hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Henry. I will take your counsel;
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear Lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Juſtice SHALLOW's *ſeat in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE, *Juſtices; with* MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, *and* BULL-CALF.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir; an early ſtirrer, by the rood. And how doth my good couſin Silence?

Sil. Good-morrow, good couſin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay, my couſin William is become a good ſcholar: he is at Oxford ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the inns of court ſhortly: I was once of Clement's-Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called luſty Shallow, then, couſin.

Shal. I was called any thing, and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordſhire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cot's-wold man, you had not four ſuch ſwinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and I may ſay to you, we knew where the Bona-Roba's were, and had the beſt of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falſtaff, (now Sir John) a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, couſin, that comes hither anon about ſoldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir John, the very ſame; I ſaw him break Schoggan's head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not this high; and the very ſame day I did fight with one Sampſon Stockfiſh, a fruiterer, behind Grays-Inn. O the mad days that I have ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We ſhall all follow, couſin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain, very ſure, very ſure: Death (as the Pſalmiſt ſaith) is certain to all, all ſhall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead! ſee, ſee, he drew a good bow: and dead? he ſhot a fine ſhoot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! he would have clap'd in the clout at twelve ſcore, and carried you a fore-hand ſhaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falſtaff's men, as I think.

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Juſtice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, Sir, a poor Eſquire of this county, one of the King's Juſtices of the peace: what is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you: my captain Sir John Falſtaff; a tall gentleman, by Heaven! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well: Sir, I knew him a good back-ſword man. How doth the good knight? may I aſk how my Lady his wife doth?

Bard. Pardon, Sir, a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeed, too: Better accommodated—it is good, yea, indeed is it; good phraſes ſurely are, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated---it comes of *accommodo*; very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir, I have heard the word. Phraſe call you it? by this day, I know not the phraſe; but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated, that is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated; or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very juſt: look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worſhip's good hand: truſt me, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter Robert Shallow: Maſter Sure-card, as I think,----

Shal. No, Sir John, it is my couſin Silence; in commiſſion with me.

Fal. Good maſter Silence, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fy, this is hot weather, gentlemen; have you provided me here half a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry have we, Sir: will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea, marry, Sir. Ralph Mouldy:---let them appear as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee, where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limbed fellow, young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert uſed.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent, i'faith. Things that are mouldy lack uſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaid, Sir John, very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, if you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now for one to do her huſbandry and her drudgery; you need not to have prick'd me, there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy, you ſhall go. Mouldy, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace: ſtand aſide: know you where you are? for the other, Sir John.---Let me ſee: Simon Shadow.

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to ſit under; he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo, indeed, but not of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer; prick him; for we have a number of ſhadows to fill up the muſter-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart.

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good-will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's tailor; well ſaid, courageous Feeble: thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or moſt magnanimous mouſe. Prick the woman's tailor well, maſter Shallow, deep, maſter Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalf of the Green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee Bulcalf.

Bul. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me Bulcalf, till he roar again.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord captain,——

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before th'art prick'd?

Bul. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whoreſon cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs, upon his coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold, and I will take ſuch order that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you muſt have but four here, Sir; and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, maſter Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter Shallow.

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a *Bona-roba*. Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chuſe but be old; certain, ſhe's old, and had Robin Nightwork, by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's-Inn.

Fal. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Hah, couſin Silence, that thou hadſt ſeen that, that this knight and I have ſeen!—Hah, Sir John, ſaid I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, maſter Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was, Hem, boys.—Come, let's to dinner; oh, the days that we have ſeen! come, come.

Bul. Good maſter corporate Bardolph, ſtand my friend, and here is four Harry ten ſhillings in French crowns for you: in very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hanged, Sir, as go; and yet for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but rather becauſe I am unwilling, and for mine own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, Sir, I did not care for mine own part ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Maul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old dame's ſake ſtand my friend: ſhe hath no body to do any thing about her when I am gone, and ſhe's old, and cannot help herſelf: you ſhall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to: ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once; we owe God a death, I will never bear a baſe mind: if it be my deſtiny, ſo: if it be not, ſo. No man is too good to ſerve his Prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I will bear no baſe mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:——I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bulcalf.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bulcalf, Feeble and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bulcalf:—for you, Mouldy, ſtay at home till you are paſt ſervice: and for your part, Bulcalf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourſelf wrong, they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerved with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter Shallow, how to chuſe a man? care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big ſemblance of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter Shallow. Here's Wart; you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on, ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-faced fellow Shadow, give me this man, he preſents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-

knife: and, for a retreat, how ſweetly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver: ſo, very well, go to, very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopped, bald ſhot. Well ſaid, Wart, thou art a good ſcab: hold, there's a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-maſter, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-End-Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, (24) I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow; (25) there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would he ſay; bounce,

(24) *I was then Sir* Dagonet *in* Arthur's *ſhow;*] The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy wight, Sir Dagonet, is from Beaumount and Fletcher, in their *Knight of the Burning Peſtle.*

Boy. Beſides, it will ſhew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's 'prentice to court a King's daughter.

Cit. Will it ſo, Sir? you are well read in hiſtories! I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet? was not he 'prentice to a grocer in London? read the play of the *Four 'Prentices of London*, where they toſs their pike ſo, &c.

(25) *There was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus;*] This extreme fine ſketch of nature and humour in Shallow's character, ſeems, in my opinion, invidiouſly enough ſneered at in the *Burning Peſtle* above quoted.

Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan, tan.——O wench, and thou hadſt but ſeen little Ned of Aldgate drum! how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant; and then ſtruck ſoftly till the ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go. Sa, ſa, ſa, bounce, quoth the guns; courage, my hearts, quoth the captains; Saint George, quoth the pike-men; and withal here they lay, and here they lay; and yet for all this I am here, wench.

would he say, and away again would he go, and again would he come: I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well. Master Shallow, God keep you; farewel, master Silence I will not use many words with you, fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you, I must a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace. As you return, visit my house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed. Peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to: I have spoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph, lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off these Justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. How subject we old men are to this vice of lying! this same starved Justice hath done nothing but prated to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbal-street; and every third word a lie, more duly paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible. He was the very Genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake. He came ever in the rere-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies,

or his Good-nights. (26) And now is this Vice's dagger become a ſquire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn he never ſaw him but once in the tilt-yard, and then he broke his head for crouding among the marſhal's men. I ſaw it, and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have truſſed him and all his apparel into an eel-ſkin: the caſe of a treble hoboy was a manſion for him, a court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a philoſopher's two ſtones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to a Foreſt in* Yorkſhire.

Enter the Archbiſhop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and* COLEVILE.

YORK.

WHAT is this foreſt called?
Haſt. 'Tis Gaultree foreſt.
York. Here ſtand, my Lords, and ſend diſcoveries forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

(26) *And now is this* Vice's *dagger*] By *Vice* here, the Poet means that *droll* character in the old plays, (which I have ſeveral times mentioned in the courſe of theſe notes,) equipped with aſſes ears and a wooden dagger. It is very ſatirical in Falſtaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to ſuch a machine as a *wooden dagger* in the hands and management of a buffoon.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.
York. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour and ſubſtance thus:
Here doth he with his perſon, with ſuch powers
As might hold fortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may over-live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?
Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thouſand.
Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
Let us ſway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORLAND.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Weſtmorland.
Weſt. Health and fair greeting from our General,
The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaſter.
York. Say on, my Lord of Weſtmorland, in peace
What doth concern your coming?
Weſt. Then, my Lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that rebellion

Came like itſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, goaded with rage,
And countenanced by boys and beggary;
I ſay, if damned commotion ſo appeared
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend father, and theſe noble Lords,
Had not been here to dreſs the ugly form
Of baſe and bloody inſurrection
With your fair honours. You, my Lord Archbiſhop,
Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintained,
Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touched,
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutored,
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,
The dove and very bleſſed ſpirit of peace;
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate yourſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war,
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?

York. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly, to this end: We are all diſeaſed,
And with our ſurfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought ourſelves into a burning fever,
And we muſt bleed for it: of which diſeaſe
Our late King Richard being infected, died.
But, my moſt noble Lord of Weſtmorland,
I take not on me here as a phyſician:
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But rather ſhew awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs,
And purge the obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weighed

What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer;
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced from our most quiet there,
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles;
Which long e'er this we offered to the King,
And might by no suit gain our audience.
When we are wronged, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denyd?
Wherein have you been galled by the King?
What Peer hath been suborned to grate on you,
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine, (17)
And consecrate commotion's civil page?

(17) *Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,*] In one of my old Quartos of 1600 (for I have two of the self same edition; one of which, 'tis evident, was corrected in some passages during the working off the whole impression,) after the line above quoted I found this verse;

And consecrate commotion's civil *edge*.

I have thought the verse worth preserving, and ventured to substitute *page* for *edge*, with regard to the uniformity of metaphor. Though I confess the latter may very well do in this sense: that the sword of rebellion, drawn by a

York. My brother general, the commonwealth,
(28) To brother born an houſehold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before,
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay an heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

Weſt. O my good Lord Mowbray,
Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay, indeed, it is the time,
And not the King, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Or from the King, or in the preſent time,
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not reſtored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's ſeigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remembered father's?

biſhop, may in ſome ſort be ſaid to be conſecrated by his reverence; as the King afterwards, talking of going to the holy wars, ſays,

We'll draw no ſwords, but what are *ſanctified.*

(28) *My brother general, the commonwealth,*

I make my quarrel in particular.] From the ſame corrected old Quarto I retrieved the intermediate line, now added to the text; and which, as Mr Warburton obſerved to me, is a very ſenſible and very neceſſary line. "The ſenſe is this; "(ſays my ingenious friend) my brother general, the com-"monwealth, which ought to be the nurſing father of us all; "equally diſtributing its benefits, is become an houſehold "enemy even to thoſe of his own houſe, to brothers born; "by diſinheriting ſome who had an equal title to the patri-"mony with others, to whom it gives all: and this I make "my quarrel. And this was the grievance: the conſtant "one that makes all the malecontents in civil commotions; "that honours were not equally diſtributed."

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
That need to be revived and breathed in me? [loſt,
The King, that loved him, as the ſtate ſtood then,
Was, force perforce, compelled to baniſh him.
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke and he
Being mounted and both rowſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing courſers daring of the ſpur,
Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of Bolingbroke;
O, when the King did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw;
Then threw he down himſelf, and all their lives,
That by indictment, or by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under Bolingbroke.

Weſt. You ſpeak, Lord Mowbray, now, you know
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then [not what.
In England the moſt valiant gentleman.
Who knows on whom Fortune would then have
But if your father had been victor there, [ſmiled?
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;
For all the country in a general voice
Cried hate upon him; all their prayers and love
Were ſet on Hereford, whom they doated on,
And bleſſed, and graced, indeed, more than the King. (29)
But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe.——

(29) *And bleſſed, and graced,* more than the King himſelf] The two oldeſt Folios (which firſt gave us this ſpeech of Weſtmorland) read this line thus;

And bleſs'd and grac'd, *and did* more than the King.

Dr Thirlby ſaw it was corrupted by the tranſcribers, and gave me that eaſy cure, with which I have reformed the text, ſo very near the traces of the corrupted reading.

Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace,
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this offer,
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so:
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good.
Say you not then, our offer is compelled.

Mowb. Well; by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.

York. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this
For this contains our general grievances: [schedule,
Each several article herein redressed,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present executions of our wills,
To us, and to our purposes confined;

We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace. [Lords,
West. This will I ſhew the general. Pleaſe you,
In ſight of both our battles we may meet, (30)
And either end in peace, (which Heaven ſo frame!)
Or to the place of difference call the ſwords
Which muſt decide it.
York. My Lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit* Weſt.
Mowb. There is a thing within my boſom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.
Haſt. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon ſuch large terms and ſo abſolute,
As our conditions ſhall inſiſt upon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That every ſlight and falſe-derived cauſe,
Yea, every idle, nice and wanton reaſon,
Shall to the King taſte of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We ſhall be winnowed with ſo rough a wind,
That even our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
York. No, no, my Lord, not this; the King is [weary
Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances;
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life:
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance: for full well he knows,

(30) *In ſight of both our battles we may meet,*
At *either end in peace; which Heaven ſo frame!*
Or to the place of difference, &c.] The alteration which I have made here in the pointing, and that eaſy but certain change in the text, I owe to the direction of the ingenious Dr Thirlby.

He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion;
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo and ſhake a friend.
So that this land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enraged him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolved correction in the arm
That was upreared to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his power, like to a fangleſs lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſured, my good Lord Marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is returned my Lord of Weſtmorland.

Enter WESTMORLAND.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your Grace of York in God's name then ſet forward.

York. Before, and greet his Grace; my Lord, we [come.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER.

Lan. You're well encountered here, my couſin Mowbray;
Good-day to you, my gentle Lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you, Lord Haſtings, and to all.

My Lord of York, it better ſhewed with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text;
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.
That man that ſits within a Monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the count'nance of the King,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs! with you, Lord Biſhop,
It is even ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of Heaven?
To us, the ſpeaker in his parliament:
To us, th' imagined voice of Heaven itſelf:
The very opener, and intelligencer
Between the grace the ſanctities of Heav'n,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
As a falſe favourite doth his Prince's name,
In deeds diſhon'rable? you've taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The ſubjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And both againſt the peace of Heaven and him
Have here up-ſwarmed them.

York. Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my Lord of Weſtmorland,
The time miſ-ordered doth in common ſenſe
Crowd us and cruſh us to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your Grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhoved from the court:
Whereon this Hydra-ſon of war is born,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep

With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſire;
And true obedience, of this madneſs cured,
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have ſupplies to ſecond our attempt:
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo ſucceſs of miſchief ſhall be born,
And heir from heir ſhall hold his quarrel up,
While England ſhall have generation.

Lan. You are too ſhallow, Haſtings, much too
To ſound the bottom of the after-times. [ſhallow,

Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace to anſwer them directly
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And ſwear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And ſome about him have too lavishly
Wreſted his meaning and authority.
My Lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſs'd;
Upon my life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers unto their ſeveral counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home,
Of our reſtored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes.

Lan. I give it you; and will maintain my word.
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

Haſt. Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well pleaſe them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Colevile.

York. To you, my noble Lord of Weſtmorland.

Weſt. I pledge your Grace: and if you knew what
pains

I have beſtowed to breed this preſent peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall ſhew itſelf more openly hereafter.
York. I do not doubt you.
Weſt. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord and gentle couſin Mowbray.
Mowb. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am on the ſudden ſomething ill.
York. Againſt ill chances men are ever merry,
But heavineſs fore-runs the good event.
Weſt. Therefore be merry, coz, ſince ſudden ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus; ſome good thing comes to-morrow.
York. Believe me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.
Mowb. So much the worſe, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts.*
Lan. The word of peace is rendered; hark, they ſhout.
Mowb. This had been chearful after victory.
York. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdued,
And neither party loſer.
Lan. Go, my Lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too. [*Exit* Weſt.
And, good my Lord, ſo pleaſe you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have coped withal.
York. Go, good Lord Haſtings,
And, ere they be diſmiſſed, let them march by.
[*Exit* Haſt.
Lan. I truſt, Lords, we ſhall ly to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORLAND.

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?
Weſt. The leaders having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Haſt. My Lord, our army is diſperſed already:
Like youthful ſteers unyoked, they took their courſe
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth: or like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and ſporting-place.

Weſt. Good tidings, my Lord Haſtings; for the
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high-treaſon: [which
And you, Lord Archbiſhop, and you Lord Mowbray,
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?

Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?

York. Will you thus break your faith?

Lan. I pawned you none:
I promiſed you redreſs of theſe ſame grievances
Whereof you did complain, which by mine honour
I will perform with a moſt Chriſtian care.
But for you, rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion, and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcattered ſtray;
Heaven, and not we, hath ſafely fought to-day.
Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
Treaſon's true bed and yielder up of breath. [*Exe.*

[*Alarm. Excurſions.*

Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, Sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the Dale. Colevile ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and

the dungeon your place, a place deep enough; ſo ſhall you ſtill be Colevile of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falſtaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am: do you yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? if I do ſweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death; therefore rouze up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falſtaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name: an I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our General.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* Lancaſter *and* WESTMORLAND.

Lan. The heat is paſs'd, follow no farther now;
Call in the powers, good couſin Weſtmorland.
[*Exit* Weſt.
Now, Falſtaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome gallows' back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my Lord, but it ſhould be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility. I have foundered nine ſcore and odd poſts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have in my pure and immaculate valour taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a moſt furious knight and valorous enemy: but what of that? he ſaw me and

yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with the hook-noſed fellow of Rome there, Cæſar,---I came, ſaw, and overcame.

Lan. It was more of his courteſy than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beſeech your Grace, let it be booked with the reſt of this day's deeds, or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kiſſing my foot: to the which courſe if I be enforced, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear ſky of Fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins heads to her, believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good Lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my Lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true ſubject took him.

Cole. I am, my Lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither; had they been ruled by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gaveſt thyſelf away *gratis*; and I thank thee for thee.

Enter WESTMORLAND.

Lan. Now, have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and execution ſtayed.

Lan. Send Colevile then with his confederates
To York, to preſent execution.
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Ex. with* Colevile.
And now diſpatch we toward the court, my Lords;
I hear the King, my father, is ſore ſick:
Our news ſhall go before us to his Majeſty,
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear to comfort him:
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My Lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through Glo'ſterſhire; and when you come to court, 'pray let me ſtand, my good Lord, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falſtaff; I in my condition
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good ſherris-ſack hath a two-fold operation in it; it aſcends me into the brain; dries me there all the fooliſh, dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable ſhapes; which delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris, is, the warming of the blood; which before, cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardiſe; but the

ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the parts extreme; it illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty ſpirits muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who great, and puft up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of ſherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good ſtore of fertile ſherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them ſhould be to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bar. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go; I'll through Glouceſterſhire, and there will I viſit maſter Robert Shallow, Eſquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace at* Weſtminſter.

Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, *and* GLOUCESTER.

K. Henry. Now, Lords, if Heaven doth give ſucceſsful end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords, but what are ſanctified.
Our navy is addreſſed, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lyes level to our wiſh:
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength;
And pauſe us, till theſe rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your Ma-
Shall ſoon enjoy. [jeſty

K. Henry. Humphry, my ſon of Glouceſter,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my Lord, at
K. Henry. And how accompanied? [Windſor.

Glou. I do not know, my Lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

Glou. No, my good Lord, he is in preſence here

Cla. What would my Lord and father?

K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence [ther?
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy bro-
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers; cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou mayeſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace,
By ſeeming cold, and careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be obſerved:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day, for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incenſed, he's flint;

As humorous as Winter, and as ſudden
As flaws congealed in the ſpring of day.
His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerved:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth:
But being moody, give him line and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united veſſel of their blood,
(Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as ſtrong
As Aconitum, or raſh gun-powder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windſor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? canſt thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds.
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is over-ſpread with them; therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days
And rotten times that you ſhall look upon,
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together;
Oh, with what wings ſhall his affection fly
Towards fronting peril and oppoſed decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you look beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudies his companions,
Like a ſtrange tongue; wherein to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the moſt immodeſt word
Be looked upon, and learned; which once attained,
Your Highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The Prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his Grace muſt meet the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. Henry. 'Tis ſeldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Weſtmorland?

Enter WESTMORLAND.

Weſt. Health to my Sovereign, and new happineſs
Added to that which I am to deliver!
Prince John, your ſon, doth kiſs your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop, Scroop, Haſtings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leiſure may your Highneſs read,
With every courſe, in his particular.

K. Henry. O Weſtmorland, thou art a ſummer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter ſings
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your Majeſty:
And, when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of!

The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the Sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight
This packet, please it you, contains at large.
K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news
make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,
(Such are the poor in health); or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach, (such the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.)
I should rejoice now at this happy news,
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.
O me, come near me, now I am much ill!
Glou. Comfort your Majesty!
Cla. Oh, my royal father! [look up.
West. My Sovereign Lord, cheer up yourself,
War. Be patient, Princes; you do know these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air: he'll strait be well.
Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs;
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind (31)

(31) *The incessant care and labour of his mind*
Hath wrought the mure, &c.] Daniel, in his *Miseries of the English civil wars*, speaking of the long decay *Henry* IV. felt from inward sickness, has this very thought. I don't know the date of that poem being wrote, so cannot say which poet has copied from the other.

And pain and grief, inforcing more and more,
Besieged the hold that could not long defend;
Consuming so all the resisting store
Of those provisions nature deign'd to lend,
As that the walls, worn thin, permit the mind
To look out thorough, and his frailty find.
Book IV. St. 84.

Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
Glou. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfathered heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leaped them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flowed, no ebb between;
And the old folk (time's doating chronicles)
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire Edward sicked and died.
War. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.
Glou. This apoplex will certain be his end.
K. Henry. I pray you take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Henry. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad? How doth the King?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He altered much upon the hearing it.
P. Henry. If he be sick with joy,
He'll recover without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my Lords; sweet Prince, [speak low:
The King your father is disposed to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room [us!
War. Will't pleaſe your Grace to go along with
P. Henry. No; I will ſit, and watch here by the King. [*Exeunt all but* P. Henry.
Why doth the crown ly there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bedfellow?
O poliſhed perturbation! golden care!
That keepeſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night: ſleep with it now!
Yet not ſo ſound, and half ſo deeply ſweet,
As he whole brow with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O Majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lyes a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down
Perforce muſt move. My gracious Lord! my father!
This ſleep is ſound indeed; this is a ſleep.
That from this golden rigol hath divorced (32)
So many Engliſh kings. Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs

(32) *That from this golden rigol*—] *i. e.* Ring, or circle. In *Macbeth* he has expreſſed it;

All that impedes thee from the *golden round.*

But we once more meet with the word *rigol* in our Author's works;

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery *rigol* goes, *&c.*
Tarquin and Lucrece.

The word ſeems of Italian extraction. —— *Ridda, chorea, cum nexis manibus ſaltanda in orbem vertuntur. A ridda, ridoletto, rigoletto, rigolo.* —— So Ferrarius in his *Origines Italicæ.* Hence a *rigolet*, or *rigol*, may, I preſume, ſtand in Engliſh for a circle, any thing round.

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously.
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which Heaven shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

Enter WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, *and* CLARENCE.

K. Henry. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!
Cla. Doth the King call? [Grace?
War. What would your Majesty? how fares your
K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my Lords?
Cla. We left the Prince my brother here, my Liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
K. Henry. The Prince of Wales! where is he? let me see him.
War. This door is open, he is gone this way.
Glou. He came not through the chamber where we staid.
K. Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my Liege, we left it here.
K. Henry. The Prince hath ta'en it hence; go seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? find him, my Lord of Warwick,
And chide him hither strait; this part of his
Conjoins with my disease, and helps to end me.
See, sons, what things you are! how quickly Nature
Falls to revolt, when gold becomes her object?
For this, the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry: for this, engroſſed
The cankered heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold:
For this, they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts and martial exerciſes:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower,
Our thighs are packed with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains! this bitter taſte
Yield his engroſsments to the dying father.

Enter WARWICK.

Now where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend, ſickneſs, hath determined me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaft but blood,
Would by beholding him have waſhed his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry;
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* Lords.

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. Henry. Thy wiſh was father, Harry, to that thought.
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou ſeekeſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtoln that which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence: and at my death
Thou haſt ſealed up my expectation:
Thy life did manifeſt thou lovedſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſured of it.
Thou hideſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my herſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms;
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Henry the Fifth is crowned: up vanity!
Down royal ſtate! all you ſage counſellors, hence;
And to the Engliſh Court aſſemble now,
From every region, apes of idleneſs:
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall double gild his treble guilt; (33)

(33) England *ſhall double* gild *his treble* guilt.] This line is in all the editions in general, but Mr Pope's; and he has thought fit to caſhier it. If he imagined the conceit too mean, he ought at leaſt to have degraded it to the bottom of

England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the Fifth Harry from curbed licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint; and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves thy old inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
(The moist impediments unto my speech,) [*Kneeling.*
I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to shew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my Liege, to think you were)
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,

his page, not absolutely stifled it. But mean as the conceit is, our Author has repeated it again in his King *Henry* V.

Have for the gilt of France (O guilt, *indeed!*)
Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France.

Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in medicine potable:
But thou moſt fine, moſt honoured, moſt renowned,
Haſt ate thy bearer up. Thus, royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,
That had before my face murdered my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let Heaven for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my ſon!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mighteſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed:
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heaven knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths and indirect crooked ways
I met this crown: and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſate upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeemed in me
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All theſe bold fears,

Thou feeſt, with peril I have anſwered.
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene,
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchaſed,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer ſort;
So thou the garland weareſt ſucceſſively.
Yet though thou ſtandeſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green:
And all my friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly taken out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanced,
And by whoſe power I well might lodge a fear,
To be again diſplaced: which to avoid
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the holy land;
Leſt reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my ſtate. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live.

P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Lord JOHN *of* Lancaſter, *and* WARWICK.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaſter.

Lan. Health, peace and happineſs to my royal father!

K. Henry. Thou bringeſt me happineſs and peace, ſon John:
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, withered trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

P. Henry. My Lord of Warwick——

K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?

War. 'Tis called Jeruſalem, my noble Lord.

K. Henry. Laud be to God! even there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſied to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in Jeruſalem:
Which vainly I ſuppoſed the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll ly:
In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Shallow's *Seat in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter SHALLOW, SILENCE, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

SHALLOW.

BY cock and pye, Sir, you ſhall not away to-night. What! Davy, I ſay——

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuſe you: you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve: you ſhall not be excuſed. Why, Davy——

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, let me ſee, Davy, let me ſee; yea, marry, William Cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you ſhall not be excuſed.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus: thoſe precepts cannot be ſerved; and, again, Sir, ſhall we ſow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William Cook—are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yea, Sir—Here is now the ſmith's note for ſhooing, and plowing-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and paid—Sir John, you ſhall not be excuſed.

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had. And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of William's wages about the ſack he loſt the other day at Hinkly fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of ſhort-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws: tell William Cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will uſe him well. A friend i' th' court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will back-bite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well-conceited, Davy. About thy buſineſs, Davy.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir, to countenance William Viſor of Woncot againſt Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, againſt

that Viſor; that Viſor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your Worſhip that he is a knave, Sir; but yet God forbid, Sir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerved your Worſhip truly, Sir, theſe eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but very little credit with your Worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, Sir; therefore I beſeech your Worſhip let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to, I ſay he ſhall have no wrong: look about, Davy. Where are you, Sir John? come, off with your boots. Give me your hand, maſter Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter Bardolph; and welcome, my tall fellow; [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter Robert Shallow. [*Exeunt* Shallow, Silence, *&c.*] Bardolph, look to our horſes——If I were ſawed into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch bearded-hermit-ſtaves as maſter Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens ſpirits and his: they, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turned into a juſtice-like ſerving-man. Their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in conſent like ſo many wild-geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their maſter: if to his men, I would curry with maſter Shallow, that no

man could better command his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Henry in continual laughter the wearing out of ſix faſhions, which is four terms or two actions, and he ſhall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders. O, you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within.*] Sir John------

Fal. I come, maſter Shallow; I come, maſter Shallow. [*Exit* Falſtaff.

SCENE *changes to the Court in* London.

Enter the Earl of WARWICK *and the Lord* Chief Juſtice.

War. How now, my Lord Chief Juſtice, whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope, not dead?

War. He's walked the way of nature,
And to our purpoſes he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would his Majeſty had called me
The ſervice that I truly did his life, [with him.
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know he doth not; and do arm myſelf
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideouſly on me,
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſy.

Enter Lord JOHN *of* Lancaſter, GLOUCESTER, *and* CLARENCE.

War. Here comes the heavy iſſue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen:
How many nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

Ch. Juſt. Alas, I fear all will be overturned!

Lan. Good-morrow, couſin Warwick.

Glou. Clar. Good-morrow, couſin.

Lan. We meet, like men that had forgot to ſpeak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!

Glou. O good my Lord, you have loſt a friend indeed;
And I dare ſwear you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.

Lan. Tho' no man be aſſured what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier; would 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir John Falſtaff
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality. [fair,

Ch. Juſt. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in ho-
Led by th' impartial conduct of my ſoul; [nour,
And never ſhall you ſee that I will beg
A ragged and foreſtalled remiſſion.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the King my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter Prince HENRY.

Ch. Juſt. Heaven ſave your Majeſty!

P. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, Majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſy on me as you think.
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear:
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh court;
Not Amurath an Amurath ſucceeds,
But Harry, Harry. Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be ſad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be aſſured,
I'll be your father and your brother too:
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and ſo will I.
But Harry lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears
By number into hours of happineſs.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your Majeſty.

P. Henry. You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt.
You are, I think, aſſured I love you not.
[*To the Chief Juſtice.*

Ch. Juſt. I am aſſured, if I be meaſured rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

P. Henry. No! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What, rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of England! was this eaſy?
May this be waſhed in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſy for the commonwealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and power of law and juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at naught:
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon.
Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much profaned;
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdained:
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeak in your ſtate,
What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Liege's ſovereignty.

P. Henry. You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honours may encreaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;

" Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold,
" That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
" And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
" That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
" Into the hand of Juſtice."—You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtained ſword that you have uſed to bear;
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With the like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents
To your well-practiſed wiſe directions.
And, Princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
My father is gone wild into his grave, (34)

(34) *My father is gone* wail'd *into his grave,*
(For in his tomb ly my affections) This ridiculous reading, (which, I preſume, is Mr Pope's conjecture, unſupported by authorities or reaſon) is not only nonſenſe in itſelf, but is the cauſe that nonſenſe poſſeſſes the following verſes. The Poet certainly wrote, as I have reſtored with all the old copies. My father, ſays the Prince, is gone *wild* into his grave, for now all my *wild* affections ly intombed with him; and I ſurvive with his *ſober* ſpirit and diſpoſition, to diſappoint thoſe expectations the public have formed of me. This the Prince had reſolved to do upon his father's demiſe; as we have heard from his own mouth:

——— If I do feign,
O, let me in my preſent *wildneſs* die;
And never live to ſhew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.

That he did make this change, we hear from the Archbiſhop in the beginning of *Henry* V.

The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his *wildneſs* mortified in him,
Seemed to *die* too.

Theſe two quotations very plainly aſſert our Poet's reading, and are flagrant teſtimonies of Mr Pope's unhappy fatality in gueſſing wrong.

For in his tomb ly my affections;
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. Tho' my tide of blood
Hath proudly flowed in vanity 'till now,
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majeſty.
Now call we our high court of parliament;
And let us chuſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt governed nation;
That war or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us:
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
[*To Lord Chief Juſtice.*
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembered) all our ſtate,
And (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Shallow's *Seat in* Glouceſterſhire.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine orchard, where in an arbour we will eat a laſt year's pippin of my own graffing, with a diſh of carraways, and ſo forth: come, couſin Silence; and then to bed.

Fal You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: beggars all, beg-

gars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread Davy, ſpread, Davy; well ſaid, Davy.

Fal. This Davy ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſervingman, and your huſbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John. By th' maſs, I have drank too much ſack at ſupper.—A good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: come, couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah, quoth-a,
We ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
[*Singing.*
And praiſe Heav'n for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, ſo merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good maſter Silence. I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Mr Bardolph ſome wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet Sir, ſit; I'll be with you anon; moſt ſweet Sir, ſit. Maſter Page, ſit; good maſter Page, ſit: (35) proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink; but you muſt bear; the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, maſter Bardolph, and, my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*] Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,

(35) Proface. *What you want in meat, we'll have in drink;*] I meet with this word again in an old comedy called the *Widow's Tears*:

Well, I have done;—and well done, frailty.
Proface; how likeſt thou it?

(Spoken to a girl that is greedily eating victuals brought her by the ſpeaker.) I have not found this word any where explained; but I preſume it is a contraction from the Italian phraſe, *Bon vi profaccia*; *i. e.* much good may't do you.

For women are ſhrews, both ſhort and tall;
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think maſter Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy,——

Davy. Your Worſhip---I'll be with you ſtreight. A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [*Singing.*] A cup of wine,
That's briſk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, maſter Silence.

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, maſter Silence.

Sil. Fill up the cup, and let it come. I'll pledge you, were't a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt Bardolph, welcome; if thou want'ſt any thing and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome, indeed, too: I'll drink to maſter Bardolph, and to all the cavileroes about London.

Dav. I hope to ſee London ere I die.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, Davy,----

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? ha, will you not, maſter Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee; the knave

will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true-bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Look, who's at door there: ho: who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

Sil. [*Singing.*] Do me right, and dub me knight, Samingo. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? why, then ſay, an old man can do ſomewhat.

Dav. If it pleaſe your Worſhip, there's one Piſtol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Piſtol?

Piſt. Sir John, ſave you, Sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Piſtol?

Piſt. Not the ill wind which blows no man good, ſweet knight: thou art now one of the greateſt men in the realm.

Sil. Indeed I think he be, but goodman Puff of Barſon.

Piſt. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe!
Sir John, I am thy Piſtol and thy friend;
And helter-ſkelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Piſt. A foutra for the world and worldlings baſe!
I ſpeak of Africa and golden joys.
Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian Knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.
Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and John.
Piſt. Shall dunghil curs confront the Helicons?
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then Piſtol lay thy head in Fury's lap.
Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.
Piſt. Why then, lament therefore.
Shal. Give me pardon, Sir. If, Sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the King in ſome authority.
Piſt. Under which King? Bezonian, ſpeak or die. (36)
Shal Under King Harry.
Piſt. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?
Shal. Harry the Fourth
Piſt. A foutra for thine office!
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is King.
Harry the Fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth.
When Piſtol lies, do this, and fig me like
The bragging Spaniard.
Fal. What, is the old King dead?

(36) ——Bezonian, *ſpeak or die.*] So again Suffolk ſays in 2 *Henry* VI.

Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.

We are not to imagine this any nation of people; but it is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our Poet, and of Italian extraction *Biſogno*, among other ſignifications, means *neceſſity*; and *biſognoſo*, a *needy* perſon; hence, metaphorically, a baſe ſcoundrel.

Piſt. As nail in door: the things I ſpeak are juſt.

Fal. Away, Bardolph, ſaddle my horſe. Maſter Robert Shallow, chuſe what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Piſtol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry maſter Silence to bed: maſter Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am Fortune's ſteward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night. Oh, ſweet Piſtol! away, Bardolph: come, Piſtol, utter more to me; and withal deviſe ſomething to do thyſelf good. Boot, boot, maſter Shallow. I know the young King is ſick for me. Let us take any man's horſes: the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Juſtice!

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why, here it is, welcome this pleaſant day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Street in* London.

Enter Hoſteſs QUICKLY, DOLL TEARSHEET, *and* Beadles.

Hoſt. No, thou arrant knave, I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

Bead. The conſtables have delivered her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie: come on, I'll

tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, if the child I go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry.

Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, (37) thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swinged for this, you blue-bottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you she-knight-arrant, come.

Host. O, that right should thus o'ercome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Yes, come, you starved blood-hound.

(37) *Thou thin man in a* censer! A *censer*, 'tis well known, is a vessel for burning incense, a perfume-pan. But what is this thin man in it? I have seen several antique *censers*, exactly in the shape of our dishes for the table, which, being of brass, were beat out exceeding thin. In the middle of the bottom was raised up in imbossed work, with the hammer, the figure of some Saint in a kind of barbarous hollow-bass relief, the whole diameter of the bottom. The saint was generally he to whom the church in which the censer was used was dedicated: (though I once saw one with an Adam and Eve at the bottom). Now this thin beadle is compared, for his substance, to one of these thin hammered figures, with the same kind of humour that Pistol in the *Merry Wives* calls Slender a laten bilboe. Mr. *Warburton.*

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones! ——

Host. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal!

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a public Place near* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Enter two Grooms, *ſtrewing Ruſhes.*

1 *Groom.* More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation: diſpatch, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt* Grooms.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, Maſter Robert Shallow, I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as he comes by, and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Piſt. Bleſs thy lungs, good Knight.

Fal. Come here, Piſtol, ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you. But is is no matter, this poor ſhew doth better; this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affairs elſe in oblivion, as if there were nothing elſe to be done but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *semper idem*; for *abſque hoc nihil eſt.* 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage:
Thy Dol and Helen of thy noble thoughts
Is in baſe durance and contagious priſon:
Hauled thither by mechanic dirty hands.
Rouze up Revenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's ſnake,
For Dol is in. Piſtol ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roared the ſea, and trumpet clangor ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter the King *and his Train.*

Fal. God ſave thy Grace, King Hal, my royal Hal.

Piſt. The Heavens thee guard and keep, moſt royal imp of fame!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My King, my Jove, I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dreamed of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwelled, ſo old, and ſo profane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.

Make leſs thy body, (hence!) and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape (38)
For thee, thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
Preſume not that I am the thing I was;
For Heaven doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turned away my former ſelf,
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,

(38) ——*Know, the grave doth gape*

For thee thrice, wider than for other men.] I cannot help obſerving on this paſſage, as one of Shakeſpeare's grand touches of nature. The King, having ſhaken off his vanities, ſo this ſcene reproves his old companion, Sir John, for his follies with great ſeverity. He aſſumes the air of a preacher; bids him fall to his prayers, and conſider how ill grey hairs become a buffoon; bids him ſeek after grace, &c. and leave gormandizing. But that word, unluckily preſenting him with a pleaſant idea, he can't forbear purſuing it in theſe words, ——Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider, &c. and is juſt falling back into Hal by an humorous alluſion to Falſtaff's bulk: but he perceives it at once, is afraid Sir John ſhould take the advantage of it, ſo checks both himſelf and the knight with

Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;

and reſumes the thread of his diſcourſe, and moralizes on to the end of the chapter. This I think is copying nature with great exactneſs, by ſhewing how apt men are to fall back into old cuſtoms; when the change is not made by degrees, as the habit itſelf was, but determined of all at once, on the motives of honour, intereſt, or reaſon. And nothing is more diſguſting than that vicious practice of Dramatic Poets of violating the unity of character, and giving the ſame perſonage different aims, purſuits, appetites, and paſſions at the latter end of the piece from what he ſet out with at the beginning; that rule of Horace's being much more general than he makes it:

Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

Mr Warburton.

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then I baniſh thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the reſt of my miſleaders,
Not to come near our perſon by ten miles.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourſelves,
We will, according to your ſtrengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Be't your charge, my Lord,
To ſee performed the tenour of our word.
Set on. [*Exeunt* King, &c.

Fal. Maſter Shallow, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John, which I beſeech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Mr Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I ſhall be ſent for in private to him: look you, he muſt ſeem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement, I will be the man yet that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how, unleſs you give me your doublet, and ſtuff me out with ſtraw. I beſeech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard was but a colour.-----

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner: come, Lieutenant Piſtol; come, Bardolph. I ſhall be ſent for ſoon at night.

Enter Chief Juſtice *and Prince* JOHN.

Ch. Juſt. Go, carry Sir John Falſtaff to the Fleet, Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord,——

Ch. Juſt. I cannot now ſpeak, I will hear you ſoon. Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento. (30)

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Lancaſter *and* Chief Juſtice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But they are baniſhed, till their converſations
Appear more wiſe and modeſt to the world.

Ch. Juſt. And ſo they are.

Lan. The King hath called his parliament, my Lord.

Ch. Juſt. He hath. [Lord.

Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird ſo ſings,
Whoſe muſic, to my thinking, pleaſed the King.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

(39) *Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento.*] This falſe Italian is not from the editors, but purpoſely from the Author. Piſtol, as an ignorant fellow, but an affector of languages, quotes a ſcrap he has heard, at all adventures, not knowing whether he is right, or believing that any of the company know. It ſeems to me a fragment from ſome chanſon, or madrigal; and, perhaps, ſtood thus in the original;

Si fortuna me tormenta,
La ſperanza me contenta.

If Fortune afflict me, I'll wrap myſelf up contented in the hope of her growing kinder.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a DANCER.

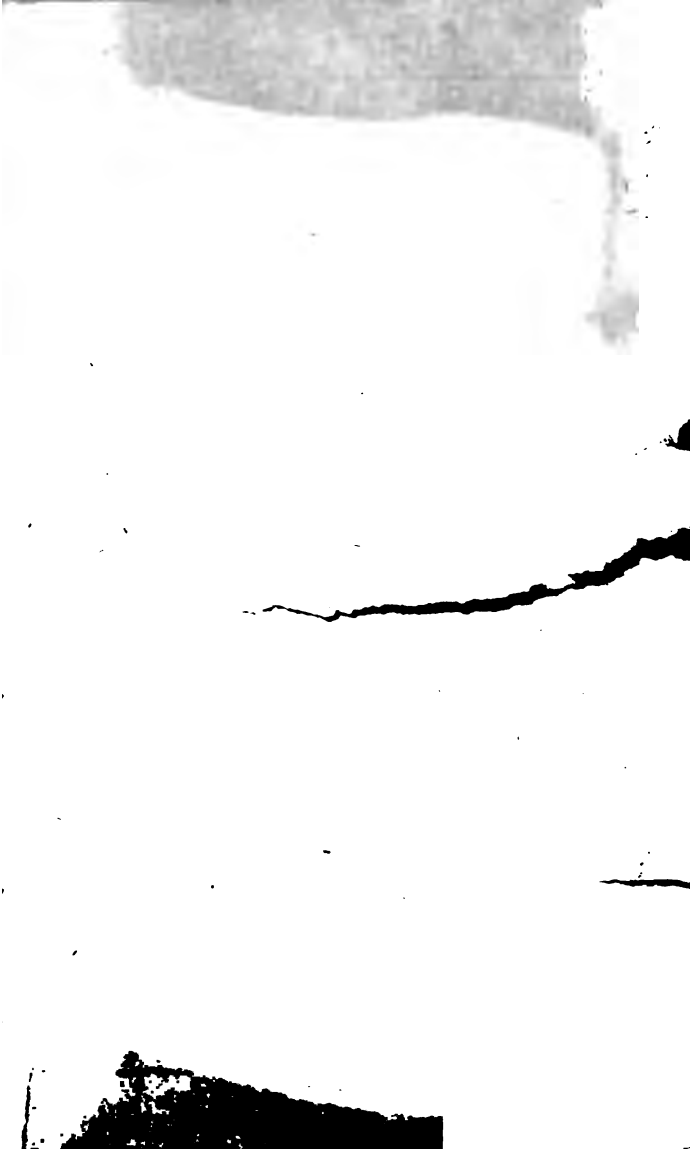
FIRST, my fear; then, my court'ſy; laſt, my ſpeech. My fear is your diſpleaſure; my court'ſy, my duty; and my ſpeech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good ſpeech now, you undo me; for what I have to ſay is of mine own making, and what indeed I ſhould ſay, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it known to you, (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, loſe. Here, I promiſed you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies; bate me ſome and I will pay you ſome, and, as moſt debtors do, promiſe you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my legs: and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt: but a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you; if you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author

will continue the ſtory with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Catharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falſtaff ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcaſtle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary: when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and ſo kneel down before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queen.

END OF VOLUME SIXTH.



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